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THE FINAL
CONFLICT BEGINS!
Tomas de Torquemada has escaped back in time and finds himself in 1980s Britain. Here, amidst the rising unemployment and Thatcher-era angst Nemesis' sworn enemy spreads his own special breed of hatred. But the warlock is not far behind him and the scene is set for the last, definitive battle!
Written by Pat Mills (Sláine) with art by David Roach (Star Wars: Tales of The Jedi), John Hicklenton (Zombie World) and Henry Flint (Judge Dredd) amongst others this third volume in the Nemesis series brings the saga to an explosive conclusion!
Nemesis the Warlock
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THE COMPLETE
Nemesis
THE WARLOCK
VOLUME 3
BOOKS 8-10
Written by
Pat Mills
Artwork by
David Roach
John Hicklenton
Clint Langley
Henry Flint
Kevin O'Neill
Carl Critchlow

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THE COMPLETE NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

VOLUME 3

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK CREATED BY PAT MILLS AND KEVIN O'NEILL

THE COMPLETE NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

VOLUME 3

PAT MILLS
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HENRY FLINT ★ KEVIN O'NEILL ★ CARL CRITCHLOW ★ CHRIS WESTON
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END OF THE HORRORTORIO

When I first wrote Nemesis, in the back of my mind was a song I vaguely remembered from the musical parody *The Horrortorio*, presented by the cartoonist Hoffnung. All the great villains in fiction are gathered together to celebrate their evil: "Welcome Doctor Frankenstein. Welcome Fu Manchu. Welcome Moriarty… Welcome to our party. How do you do?" I like to think this elite of evil would happily sing, "Welcome Torquemada" if the Grand Master had gate-crashed their sinister soiree.

The *Horrortorio* was my template and reference point for what I wanted to achieve and this final Nemesis volume, too, is a party, a celebration of Torquemada's life and work by a galaxy of fabulous comic artists. The origins of Purity are portrayed by David Roach; Torquemada is shown in modern times by John Hicklenton; and Clint Langley, Chris Weston and Carl Critchlow explore other aspects of the universe. Then there is Henry Flint's *Final Conflict*, arguably the closest in style to the original series, before we return to Kevin O'Neill for the final episode where both hero and villain meet their nemesis.

The series was co-created with Kevin in 'Terror Tube' originally as a way of bringing French science-fiction comic thinking into *2000 AD*. The *2000 AD* managing-editor had not understood Kevin's original *Ro-Busters* travel tube and tried to can it. Fearful that *2000 AD* might sink back into a morass of old-fashioned Brit comics and inspired by *Metal Hurlant*, we devised 'Terror Tube' where it all begins with a manic car chase through the tubes of Termight. However, with no possibility of Kevin returning permanently to the strip, the serial had finally to end and what better occasion than Kevin concluding it in the millennium issue of *2000 AD*. The cartoonist Hoffnung was described as: "A unique artist, one who had a superb sense of humour, plus a very effective mixture of the ridiculous, and a wicked way of thumbing his nose at anything that was 'erudite' or 'superior'." I think those words apply equally well to Kevin for the *Horrortorio* he created in Nemesis.

But I felt a real sense of loss when Torquemada finally died, not least the fear that I would never again have an opportunity to write such an 'over the top', arch-villain story. However, my fears were groundless for the Grand Master has since inspired many of my most powerful bad guys: Volkhan the Ikon, the robot blacksmith who lovingly beats his 'son' with a hammer as he creates him in a forge. Doktor Grobari, the forthcoming Chief of Detektivs in *ABC Warriors*, Book Three of the *Volgan Wars*. Mene Tekel in *Defoe*, and X Face the truly original demon created by John Hicklenton in our *Judge Dredd* adventure – 'The Tenth Circle'. Mene Tekel, in particular, is every bit as arch as Torquemada, but this time I am building the arch-fiend up from the shadows, with the longest possible, tension-building drum roll in comic-history before his true evil identity is revealed. So that most villainous of villains, Torquemada, I am delighted to tell you, parties on in these new roles with my own personal *2000 AD* Horrortorio of evil master-minds.

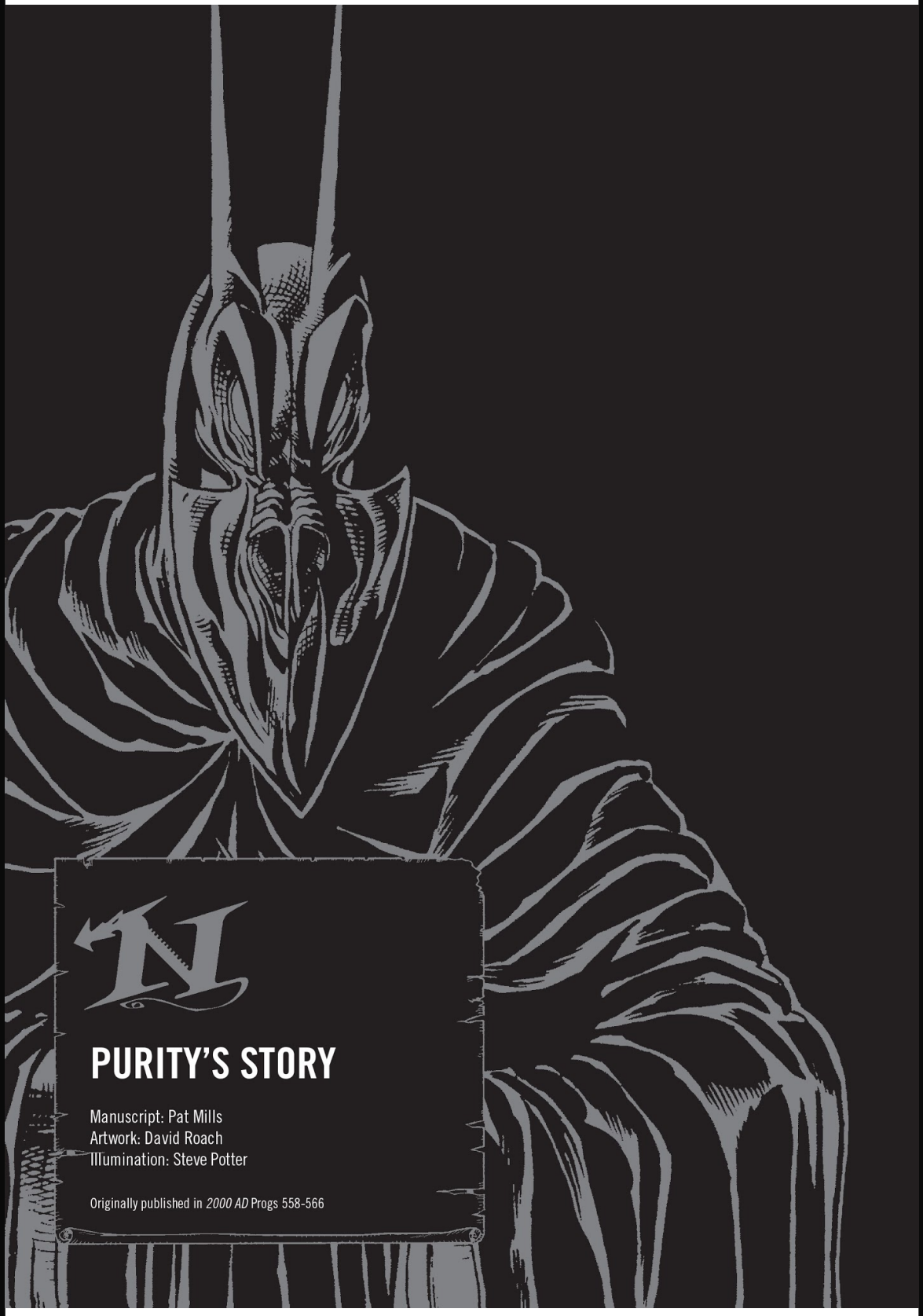
But for Nemesis, the mysterious Lord of the Flies, I have no counterpart, no sequel, no rival. He stands alone, enigmatic, weird, unique and I think that is how it should be for he is truly… alien. His message that humanity, not aliens, are the biggest threat to the galaxy is more challenging and satirical than ever in the world we live in today. So the party for him, alas, is finally over.

Farewell, Nemesis the Warlock. Drive safely.

Pat Mills

Nemesis
THE WARLOCK

BOOK VIII



PURITY'S STORY

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: David Roach
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 558-566

Nemesis in Purity's story

BOOK EIGHT

SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: DAVID ROACH
LTG: STEVE POTTER

SHE WAS THE WARLOCK'S LIEUTENANT... SHE LED THE RESISTANCE RAIDS AGAINST **TORQUEMADA**—THE DICTATOR WHO RULED HER WORLD... SHE FOUGHT WITH **NEMESIS** AGAINST THE **TERMINATORS**—THE DESTROYERS OF ALIEN LIFE... AND FREED A DOZEN PLANETS FROM THEIR TYRANNY...

BUT WHAT **MADE** HER '**BETRAY**' HER OWN KIND AND SIDE WITH A CREATURE FROM ANOTHER WORLD? A FIRE-BREATHING '**DEMON**' WITH HORNS AND HOOVES..?

WHAT MAKES A HUMAN... LOVE AN ALIEN?

PROLOGUE
FOLLOWING THE MURDER OF **THOTH**, **NEMESIS** VOWS TO DESTROY **TORQUEMADA** AND **TERMIGHT**—BUT, AS HE AND **PURITY** PURSUE THE GRAND MASTER THROUGH THE **TIME WASTES**, A **TIME WAVE** HURTLES TOWARDS THEM.

TACHYON PARTICLES—**TIME RADIATION** DISCHARGED FROM EARTH'S BLACK AND WHITE HOLES!

LIKE **NUCLEAR RADIATION**?

YES—BUT A **THOUSAND TIMES MORE DEADLY**! GOT TO OUTDRIVE IT!

PurpleAds

BUT TORQUEMADA HAS ANOTHER, MORE RUTHLESS SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM...
GOT TO GET OUT OF THE TIME WASTES! THE NEXT TIME-LOCK...
THE MANIAC!
HE'S RETURNING TO REAL-TIME!
ANY RADIATION ESCAPING WITH HIM WILL CAUSE MASSIVE TEMPORAL DISTORTION TO THE PEOPLE OF THAT AGE!
OH! SO YOU STILL CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO US HUMANS THEN?
H'MMPH!
WHAT I CARE ABOUT IS I FINALLY HAVE TORQUEMADA CORNERED...
IN THIS AGE...

...WITH NOWHERE LEFT TO RUN!
THEN WHERE IS HE?
HE CAN'T GET FAR— HIS AUTO DA FE ISN'T DESIGNED FOR OPEN COUNTRY...
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND...
BLAST! NO SIGN OF HIM!
DON'T WORRY... SOONER OR LATER HE'LL HAVE TO RETURN TO THE TIME LOCK— IF HE WANTS TO GET BACK TO TERMIGHT...
ASSUMING IT STILL EXISTS? THE TIME WAVE—?
—WAS PROBABLY JUST A PRESSURE BUILD-UP IN THE OVER-FLOW SYSTEM. THE ABC WARRIORS COULD STILL SAVE YOUR WORLD.

THEN YOU DON'T INTEND TO DESTROY IT?
NOT ANY MORE. I'LL CONCENTRATE ON KILLING TORQUEMADA— HE'S MUCH MORE INTERESTING.
WELL, THANKS FOR SPARING EARTH! EVEN IF IT'S BECAUSE YOU FIND THE IDEA OF DESTROYING IT RATHER... BORING!
HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN THIS WAY...
CHANGING HIS MIND... ALTERING HIS PLANS... DISORGANISED...
...LIKE THE FORCE OF KHAOS HE WAS PART OF.
BUT WHAT DID HE MEAN BY... 'INTERESTING'?
SOMETIMES SHE HAD AN EERIE FEELING IT WAS ALL A STRANGE ALIEN GAME HE WAS PLAYING...
A GAME GODS PLAY WITH MORTALS FOR THEIR AMUSEMENT...
...A GAME THAT CAN SOMETIMES GET OUT OF HAND.
HE'D PLAYED A GAME WITH HER LIKE THAT BEFORE...
WHAT SORT OF GAME?
SHE COULDN'T REMEMBER...

default_banner

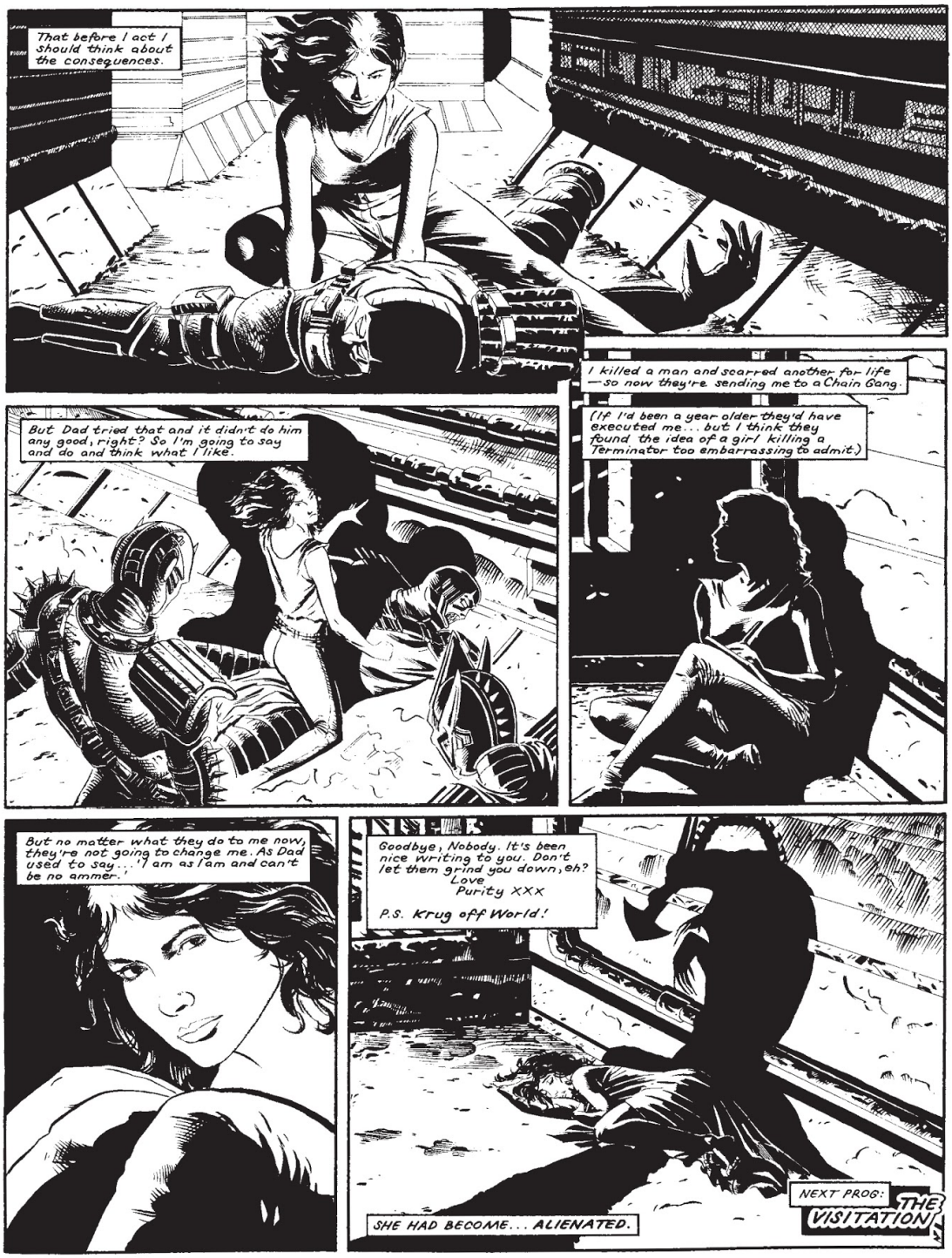
MAYBE HE'D HYPNOTISED HER SO SHE'D FORGET...
FORGET WHAT?
WHEN YOU AWAKE, YOU WILL REMEMBER NOTHING...
THOSE WORDS KEPT RINGING IN HER HEAD...
ALL SHE REMEMBERED WAS A DREAM...A BEAUTIFUL DREAM...
A DREAM! HER FATHER HAD BEEN TAKEN AWAY BY THE THOUGHT POLICE FOR HAVING AN ANTI-GOVERNMENT DREAM...
EVEN SLEEP IS NO REFUGE FOR IMPURE THOUGHTS, CITIZEN!
HER FATHER WHO TAUGHT HER TRAFFKICKING... THE TERMIGHT MARTIAL ART DEVELOPED BY THE TUBE NAVVIES...
BUT HOW HAD IT ALL STARTED? HOW DID SHE FIRST MEET NEMESIS?
HOW DID SHE FIRST BECOME...ALIENATED?
NEXT PROG: KRUG OFF, WORLD

Nemesis
in Purity's story
BOOK EIGHT
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: DAVID ROACH
LTG: STEVE POTTER
Dear Nobody,
How are you? I say Nobody because Nobody will receive this letter. They'll burn it like the others.
As I was telling you in my last letter, I'm seventeen and I'm going mad because I'm in here and I'm in here because I'm going mad.
They say I must be mad because I hate Torquemada and anyone who hates our glorious leader must be mad. And I'm mad all right because he killed my dad.
They'd kill me,too, but they want me to grow up and have lots of children who can go and fight the evil Alien hordes. Being a battery hen isn't mad, right?
I'm not allowed visitors or vid calls. The idea is to cut me off from my 'unsuitable' friends and make new ones in here... Like Rollo who thinks I'm his girlfriend who killed herself... she couldn't stand living in a stalscraper any longer.
JANIE! YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

Or Ellis who struts around thinking he's someone called Adolf Hitler. If he was Torquemada they'd give him a medal.
I read this horrible book he's got about the S.S. and I realised that's what the Terminators are... Fascists ...except now it's Aliens they're exterminating.
A PICTORAL HISTORY
Blum is nice—but too happy. They've given her too many tranks. She loves it here. She doesn't want to go home.
POTATO HEAD
The others said I was crazy thinking about escaping... They said I should stick it out. Pretend I'd 'come to my senses'... 'conformed'. Then they'd let me go.
But I had to escape.
I blew it all for a taste of freedom, but I don't care because it's the greatest taste in the world.
Before I ended up like Blum.

Not to have someone hassling you. Telling you what to do all the time.
I wasn't sure where I was going... maybe to find Nemesis — although I don't really know who or what he is... only what they say on TV, that he's our greatest enemy...
...But if he's against Torquemada, he must be okay, right?
THERE SHE IS!
THEY WERE WAITING FOR ME!
They try to make me take tranks. They say they're good for me.
They'll calm me down.

But I like being angry.
FINISH THE FASCIST!
They say I have an attitude problem.
SNAP!!
UUUHH!


That before I act I should think about the consequences.
I killed a man and scarred another for life —so now they're sending me to a Chain Gang.
(If I'd been a year older they'd have executed me... but I think they found the idea of a girl killing a Terminator too embarrassing to admit.)
But Dad tried that and it didn't do him any good, right? So I'm going to say and do and think what I like.
But no matter what they do to me now, they're not going to change me. As Dad used to say... 'I am as I am and can't be no ammer.'
Goodbye, Nobody. It's been nice writing to you. Don't let them grind you down, eh? Love Purity XXX
P.S. Krug off World!
SHE HAD BECOME... ALIENATED.
NEXT PROG: THE VISITATION

Nemesis
in Purity's story
BOOK EIGHT
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: DAVID ROACH
LTG: STEVE POTTER
THEY ARE 'WOMEN AGAINST TORQUEMADA' — SENTENCED TO THE CHAIN GANG FOR TRYING TO STOP THE GRAND MASTER'S CRIMES OF GENOCIDE AGAINST THE GALAXY...
THEY WORRY HIS WARS WILL DESTROY EARTH...
THEY WORRY ABOUT THE MONEY SPENT ON 'VICTORY WEAPONS' WHEN TERMITES ARE STARVING...
THEY WORRY ABOUT THE FATE OF THEIR CHILDREN...
AND WHEN TORQUEMADA TELLS THEM NOT TO WORRY— THAT HE WILL PROTECT THEM FROM THE EVIL ALIEN HORDES... THAT EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT...
THEY WORRY THEMSELVES SICK.
ONE OF THEM IS PURITY BROWN... SHE IS EIGHTEEN NOW AND STILL HAS AN ATTITUDE PROBLEM...
SHE HATES TERMINATORS.

SHE IS AN EXPERT IN TRAFFKICKING— THE TERMIGHT MARTIAL ART TAUGHT HER BY HER FATHER...
KLIK
...DEVELOPED BY THE NAVVIES— THE MEN WHO DUG OUT THE UNDERWORLD— FROM TUBE FIGHTING...
TRAFFIC JUMPING...
AND THE TERMITES' ABILITY TO WALK AT ANY ANGLE ON THE MAGMA COVERED SURFACES...
USE A STUN BULLET ON HER!
BUT IT IS AN UNARMED FORM OF COMBAT...

...WHICH, NEVERTHELESS, MAKES HER TOUGH ENOUGH TO TAKE HER IMPRISONMENT...
...EVEN AS SHE DREAMS OF FREEDOM.
WHEN IS NEMESIS GOING TO LEAD THE REBELLION? WHEN IS HE GOING TO HELP US KILL THOSE DASTARDS?
IN HIS OWN TIME, GIRL. HE IS AN ALIEN. HIS WAYS ARE DIFFERENT TO OURS.
WE MUST BELIEVE IN HIM — THAT'S ALL HE ASKS.
BELIEVE IN HIM? I DON'T EVEN THINK HE EXISTS!
IF HE DID, HE WOULDN'T LET ALL THIS MISERY GO ON IN THE WORLD.

IF YOU DO EXIST, NEMESIS, APPEAR TO ME TONIGHT... SHOW ME HOW I CAN FIGHT THE TERMINATORS...
NOTHING.
I KNEW IT... HE'S JUST SOME-ONE PEOPLE MAKE UP TO COMFORT THEM ...STOP THEM FEELING SCARED OF TORQUEMADA...
WELL, I'M NOT SCARED OF HIM!
EXCELLENT! THEN YOU ARE JUST THE PERSON I'M LOOKING FOR, PURITY.
AAAHHH!
Nemesis?
THE WARLOCK! THE ONE WHO WAITS ON THE EDGE OF YOUR DREAMS... THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME... THE LORD OF THE FLIES... THE DEATH BRINGER... I AM ALL THESE AND MANY MORE...
I'M SORRY, I... I SHOULD HAVE BEEN PREPARED FOR THE WAY YOU LOOK.
YOU SHOULD SEE ME WHEN THERE'S A FULL MOON.

IT'S JUST THAT HUMANS ARE GOOD-LOOKING ON THE OUTSIDE AND EVIL INSIDE ...WHILE YOU'RE SORT OF...
INSIDE OUT!
HE TOLD HER WHAT HE WANTED...
TO LET TORQUEMADA FALL IN LOVE WITH ME? YOU'RE JOKING!
PHEW! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU WERE SERIOUS!
YES.
I'M SERIOUS ABOUT MY JOKES.
A SIMPLE SPELL SHOULD DO IT. ONCE HE TRUSTS YOU, YOU CAN SUPPLY ME WITH HIS SECRET PLANS. THOUSANDS OF LIVES WILL BE SAVED. THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT?
BUT THE PRICE IS TOO HIGH!
THE PRICE OF FREEDOM IS ALWAYS HIGH, PURITY.
I...I NEED TIME TO THINK... I HATE HIM SO MUCH...
YES, IT'S AN INTERESTING DILEMMA, ISN'T IT? AND THAT'S WHY I LIKE IT. BUT WHEN YOU'VE THOUGHT IT THROUGH YOU'LL SEE THE PUZZLE IS THE SOLUTION!, THE QUESTION IS THE ANSWER, AND HATE CAN BE LOVE.
IT REALLY IS JUST A JOKE TO YOU, ISN'T IT?
OUTWITTING TORQUEMADA... FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM... ORGANISING THE RESISTANCE...
HIS ANSWER WAS NOT REASSURING...
I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT HUMAN-BEINGS WERE ONE BIG JOKE...
NEXT PROG: CARESSING TORQUE SAVES LIVES

Nemesis
in Purity's story
BOOK EIGHT
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: DAVID ROACH
LTG: STEVE POTTER
PURITY RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO NEMESIS CASTING A SPELL SO TORQUEMADA WOULD BE ATTRACTED TO HER...
AND THE NEXT TIME THE GRAND MASTER WAS PASSING HER CHAIN GANG...
WHO IS THAT GIRL?
A TERRORIST CALLED PURITY BROWN, GRAND MASTER.
SHE INTERESTS ME STRANGELY... ARRANGE FOR HER RELEASE INTO MY CUSTODY SO I MAY INTERROGATE HER PERSONALLY...
OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS ...TORQUEMADA LAVISHED HER WITH GIFTS...
IT'S REAL ALIEN SKIN, PURITY...
OH, TOMAS—IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
I THINK I'M GOING TO PUKE!
HOW COULD I EVER HAVE BEEN AGAINST YOU? YOU'RE THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD...
I KNOW.

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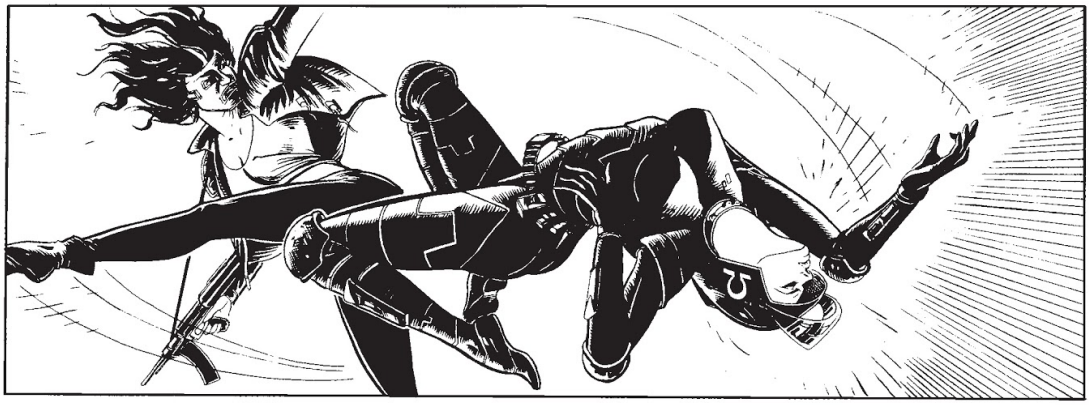
...TOOK HER TO ALL THE BEST LUBE-TUBES IN TERMIGHT...
SMARTIE
HE'S TOTALLY UNDER THE SPELL...
...AND LET SLIP INFORMATION VITAL TO THE RESISTANCE.
WE'RE SENDING ANOTHER GROUP OF YOUNG TERRORISTS TO THE VAPOURISATION VATS TOMORROW! THEY WILL PAY DEARLY FOR TRYING TO STOP MY MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS ON ALIENS.
I MEAN— WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG WITH INJECTING ALIENS WITH OUR DISEASES?
WON'T NEMESIS TRY TO STOP THE EXECUTIONS? HE'S CARRIED OUT SEVERAL RAIDS ON YOUR TUBE-TUMBRILS.
AH! THE USUAL TUMBRIL WILL BE A DECOY FILLED WITH MY TERMINATORS... WHILE WE SEND THE REAL ONE ON A DIFFERENT ROUTE THROUGH THE BACK TUNNELS OFF AUTOPSY UNDERPASS.
YOU'RE SO CLEVER, TOMAS.
COME BACK TO MY PALACE. I WANT TO SHOW YOU MY COLLECTION OF ALIEN HEADS.
YECH! IT'S HARD WORK PRETENDING TO LIKE THE MOST FASCIST TRAFFIC CONE IN THE GALAXY!
BUT HE MUST HAVE SOME GOOD POINTS... NOBODY CAN BE COMPLETELY EVIL. EVEN HITLER WAS FOND OF HIS ALSATIAN...

ER- TOMAS..?
YES, PURITY?
DO YOU LIKE DOGS?
NO.
TORQUEMADA DIDN'T SEEM TO LIKE ANYTHING MUCH...
'THE MASSED CHOIR OF TERMINATORS SING FIFTY PURE GOLD HITS FOR YOU TO TREASURE'...
'THE PANDEMONIUM OVERTURE'...
'SINGALONGATORQUE'! HAVEN'T YOU ANY MODERN RECORDS WE COULD LISTEN TO?
NO- THE DEVIANT HAS ALL THE BEST TUNES. OH, YOU MUST BEWARE OF MUSIC, PURITY- IT IS AN EXCUSE FOR NAMELESS CAVORTING AND FRIVOLITY!
HAVEN'T YOU ANY BOOKS?
OH, BEWARE OF BOOKS! THEY, TOO, ARE THE WORK OF THE DEVIANT! THE EVIL ONE WHO ENCOURAGES AUTHORS TO WRITE SLY ANTI-GOVERNMENT PROPAGANDA!
AND DOUBLY BEWARE INTELLIGENT BOOKS! THE MORE ELOQUENT, THE MORE CLEVER A TOME, THE MORE LIKELY NEMESIS HIMSELF IS BEHIND IT! NEVER READ BOOKS THAT MAKE YOU THINK! FOR THE WARLOCK CAN HIDE A DROP OF EVIL AMIDST A LAKE OF TRUTH!
STICK TO MINDLESS TRASH, I IMPLORE YOU!
WELL, WHAT ABOUT WATCHING A VIDEO? IT MIGHT HELP YOU RELAX...
HOW CAN I RELAX WHEN THERE'S A THOUSAND PLANETS OUT THERE WAITING TO BE CLEANSED?
IT'S NO USE... TORQUEMADA HASN'T GOT ONE SINGLE REDEEMING FEATURE...
HE REALLY IS THE MOST EVIL MAN THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!

BUT IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, NEMESIS—ARMED WITH THE INFORMATION PURITY BROUGHT HIM—STRUCK BACK AT TORQUEMADA...
TUBE BLOCK!
AAAAAHHH!
NEMESIS!



COME ON!

THIS WAY!
CREDO BE PRAISED! WE'RE FREE!
THEY ENGINEERED THE ESCAPE OF HUNDREDS OF PRISONERS FROM TORQUEMADA'S CLUTCHES... NEMESIS BECAME A NATIONAL HERO...

PURITY WAS REMEMBERING THE EVENTS YEARS LATER...
TO THINK I ONCE WENT OUT WITH TORQUEMADA!
MAYBE NEMESIS HYPNOTISED ME TO FORGET...
OR MAYBE I BLOCKED IT OUT OF MY MIND...
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I TRIED TO BLOCK OUT ... SOMETHING EVEN MORE HORRIBLE THAN TORQUEMADA!
NEXT PROG: THE MIMESIS!

Nemesis
in Purity's story
BOOK EIGHT
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: DAVID ROACH
LTG: STEVE POTTER
IT WAS A LOATHSOME THING THAT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN FORMED...
IT LURCHED OUT OF THE LAVA FUMES RISING FROM THE EARTH'S CORE WITH ONLY ONE THOUGHT IN ITS TWISTED DIABOLICAL MIND...
DEATH!
IT DRAGGED ITSELF ALONG A PHOSPHORESCENT PEOPLE-PIPE TOWARDS THE SOUND OF HUMAN VOICES IN A NEARBY LUBE-TUBE...
HUMANS! THEY WERE THE ONES HE MUST DEAL WITH...
THE ONES WHO MUST BE PUNISHED...
FOR THEY HAD COMMITTED THE MOST TERRIBLE CRIME OF ALL...
THEY HAD FORGOTTEN HOW TO FEAR.
HE WOULD HELP THEM REMEMBER.
THIS WOULD BE A NIGHT TO REMEMBER... FOR THE FEW WHO SURVIVED...
THE CREATURE REACHED 'SMARTS' THE IN LUBE-TUBE FOR TRENDY TERMITES OUT FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN...

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INSIDE... THE 'SMARTIES' WERE DISCUSSING NEMESIS. THEY THOUGHT IT 'DELICIOUSLY DARING' TO TRY AND COMMUNICATE WITH THE EVIL ONE...
IS ANYONE COMING TO MY SECRET CEREMONY TONIGHT? WE'RE GOING TO TRY AND SUMMON NEMESIS!
OH, ROGER! WHAT A SIMPLY SUPER IDEA!
DO YOU THINK YOU SHOULD, ROGER? REMEMBER TORQUEMADA'S WARNING ABOUT INTERFERING WITH THE INFERNAL?
OH, COME ON, DARLING— ALL THAT 'BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!' STUFF IS JUST FOR THE PROLES! NEMESIS CAN'T BE ALL BAD...
A LITTLE 'DABBLING WITH THE DEVIANT' COULD BE RATHER...
FU... FU... FU... FU... FU... FU... .....N!
WHO... WHO ARE YOU?
I AM THE NEMESIS! I AM THE WARLOCK! I AM THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME!
I HAVE COME TO FILTH YOU ALL
FILTH AND PUTRIFY!
SMELL MY STAGNANT BREATH ON YOUR FACES, HUMANS! FEEL MY LOATHSOME SLIME DIGESTING YOUR FLESH!
THAT IS MY MISSION... TO SPREAD DECAY AND MOULD AMONG THE HUMAN RACE... TO FILL THE AIR OF THIS WRETCHED PLANET WITH THE STENCH OF THE ALIEN!

I AM UNCLEAN! I AM UNCOUTH! I AM UNSPEAKABLE! YEEE HEEE HEEE!

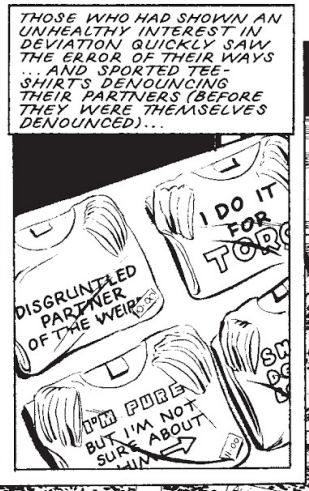
TERMINATOR SECRET POLICE WERE CALLED TO THE SCENE...
NEMESIS! SEIZE HIM!
ER— AFTER YOU, SERGEANT!

PITIFUL HUMAN FOOLS! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DESTROY THE LORD OF THE FLIES? THE DEATH BRINGER!

HEED MY WORDS! BEWARE! BE SICKENED!

BE DAMNED.!

NEWS OF THE MASSACRE SPREAD THROUGH TERMIGHT...
WHY DID WE EVER BELIEVE NEMESIS WAS HELPING HUMANS?
THE GRAND MASTER WAS RIGHT ALL ALONG!

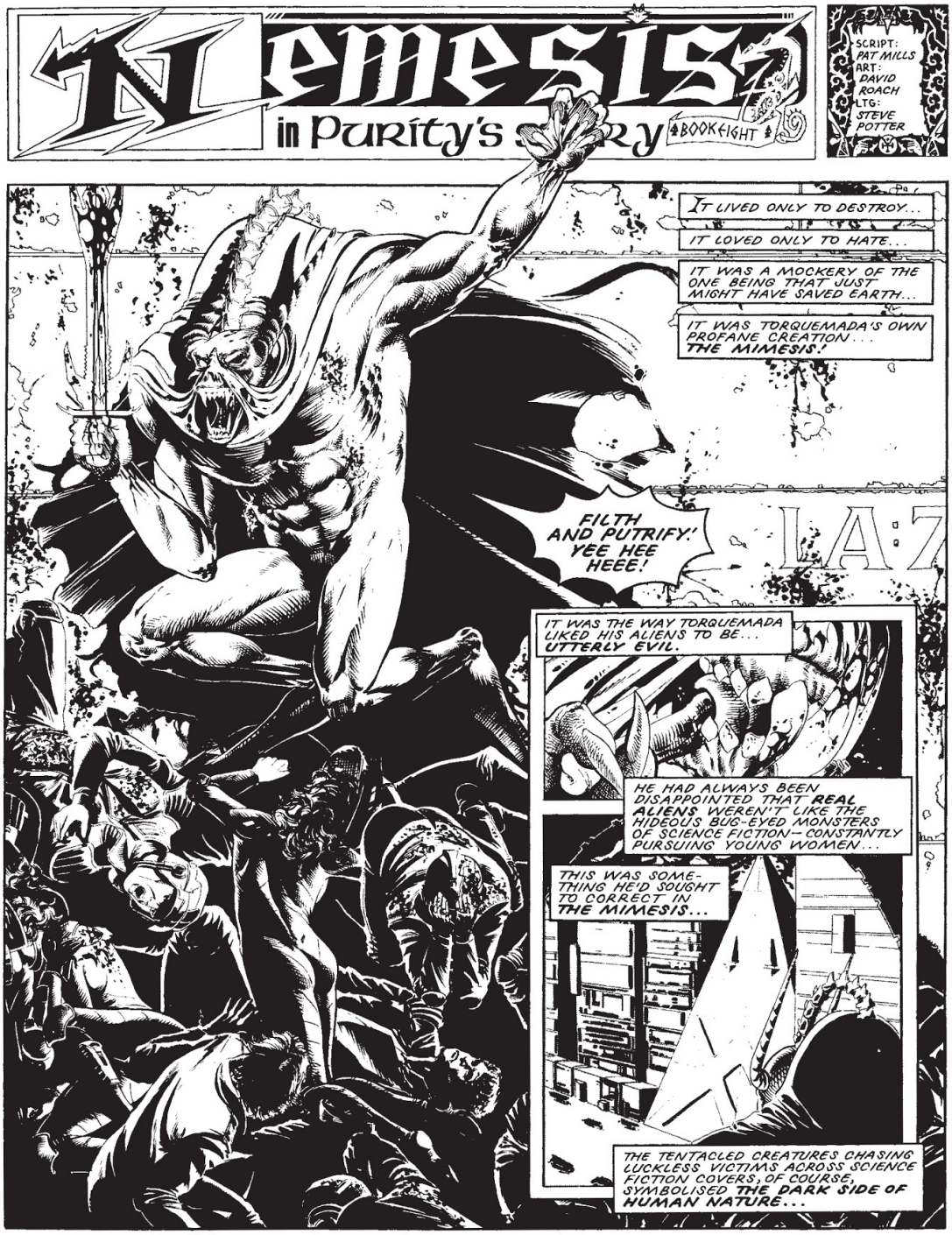

THOSE WHO HAD SHOWN AN UNHEALTHY INTEREST IN DEVIATION QUICKLY SAW THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS ...AND SPORTED TEE-SHIRTS DENOUNCING THEIR PARTNERS (BEFORE THEY WERE THEMSELVES DENOUNCED)...
I DO IT FOR TORQ
DISGRUNTLED PARTNER OF THE WEIRDO
100% PURE BUT I'M NOT SURE ABOUT HIM

THOUSANDS FLOCKED TO ENLIST IN THE TERMINATORS...
WE ARE AT WAR WITH THE MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY THAT HAS EVER FACED MANKIND IN HIS LONG CLIMB FROM THE SWAMP TO THE STARS! NEMESIS.! JOIN IN THE GREAT CRUSADE THAT WILL FINALLY CRUSH HIM!
DIE FOR YOUR PLANET
TORQUE THE TRUTH

I STALK FOR TORQUE
ICTORY HROUGH NGUISH MENT!
BIGOTRY BLITZKRIEG
THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE
WAR MAKES WORK FOR ALL!!
I STALK FOR TORQUE
ALIENS- SLICE + DICE!

DO IT FOR TORQUEMADA! DO IT FOR TERMIGHT! DO IT WITH ZEAL!
DO IT TODAY.!

LATER... AS TORQUEMADA AND PURITY WATCHED THE CREATURE CARRY OUT ANOTHER GRUESOME ATTACK...
BUT--BUT THAT'S NOT NEMESIS!
AND HOW WOULD YOU KNOW, MY DEAR?
I-I MEAN I NEVER IMAGINED HE'D LOOK LIKE THAT.
WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT... IT IS, IN FACT, A CHAMELEON-LIKE ALIEN, I DISCOVERED, CAPABLE OF MIMICKING MY ARCH-ENEMY. I CALL IT... THE MIMESIS*!
A WORD WHICH MEANS ONE DISGUSTING DISEASE IMITATING ANOTHER! RATHER A SUITABLE NAME, DON'T YOU THINK?
*THARGNOTE: PRONOUNCED AS IN 'MIME'.
YOU ORDERED THAT THING TO KILL YOUR OWN TERMINATORS?
THEY SHOULD BE GRATEFUL TO DIE FOR THE CAUSE. PEOPLE WERE BEGINNING TO THINK NEMESIS WAS A HERO. IT WAS NECESSARY TO SHOW HOW TRULY EVIL HE REALLY IS.
I WONDER WHO THE MIMESIS' NEXT VICTIM WILL BE...
IT HAS TO BE STOPPED... BEFORE ALL ALL TERMIGHT TURNS AGAINST NEMESIS!
NEXT PROG: NIGHT OF THE MIMESIS!


Nemesis
in Purity's Story
BOOK EIGHT
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: DAVID ROACH
LTG: STEVE POTTER
IT LIVED ONLY TO DESTROY...
IT LOVED ONLY TO HATE...
IT WAS A MOCKERY OF THE ONE BEING THAT JUST MIGHT HAVE SAVED EARTH...
IT WAS TORQUEMADA'S OWN PROFANE CREATION... THE MIMESIS!
FILTH AND PUTRIFY! YEE HEE HEEE!
L·A·Z
IT WAS THE WAY TORQUEMADA LIKED HIS ALIENS TO BE... UTTERLY EVIL.
HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN DISAPPOINTED THAT REAL ALIENS WEREN'T LIKE THE HIDEOUS BUG-EYED MONSTERS OF SCIENCE FICTION— CONSTANTLY PURSUING YOUNG WOMEN...
THIS WAS SOMETHING HE'D SOUGHT TO CORRECT IN THE MIMESIS...
THE TENTACLED CREATURES CHASING LUCKLESS VICTIMS ACROSS SCIENCE FICTION COVERS, OF COURSE, SYMBOLISED THE DARK SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE...

MAN'S FANTASIES NOT ABOUT SPACE... BUT ABOUT HIMSELF...
ALL TORQUEMADA'S FANTASIES HAD GONE INTO CREATING THE MIMESIS...
ER... TOMAS...
AND THE DARK SIDE OF HIS NATURE WAS VERY DARK.
THE MIMESIS IS CLIMBING UP HERE!
IS IT REALLY?
THE MONSTROSITY AT THE WINDOW WAS NOT REALLY A COPY OF NEMESIS... BUT OF THE GRAND MASTER HIMSELF.
IT WANTS TO COME IN!
TAP! TAP! TAP!
YES, IT WANTS TO MEET YOU, PURITY.
FOOLISH CHILD! DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD BETRAY ME? THE GRAND MASTER OF TREACHERY! I HAVE KNOWN FOR SOME TIME YOU WERE AN AGENT OF CREDO...
... AND NOW I REGRET YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE...
TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TA!
... REGRET— BECAUSE I AM STILL UNDER YOUR SPELL...

...BUT I HAVE NEVER LET LOVE GET IN THE WAY...
Yiiiiii!
...OF THE GREAT WORK OF CLEANSING THE GALAXY.
KILL, MIMESIS! KILL!
EVENTUALLY...
PURITY SOMERSAULTED IN THE AIR...
HER GRIP-GLOVES LUNGING AT THE MAGMA-COATED SURFACE...
...AND HOLDING.
THE MIMESIS!
FILTH AND PUTRIFY!

SHE CLICKED OPEN HER TUBE-SKATES...
...IN TIME TO HIT THE TUBE WALL.
YEEE HEEE HEEE!
NOW!
YRRRRIIIII!

NEIGHING WITH PAIN, THE MIMESIS GALLOPED AFTER HER ON ITS PSEUDO-HOOVES...
T.7
AAAAHHH!
NEXT PROG:
IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE MIMESIS!

Nemesis
in Purity's story
BOOK EIGHT
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: DAVID ROACH
LTG: STEVE POTTER
TORQUEMADA HAD WANTED A CREATURE THAT WOULD GIVE HIS SUBJECTS NIGHTMARES... SOMETHING THAT WOULD MAKE THEM WAKE UP AT THREE IN THE MORNING, IN A COLD SWEAT, SHAKING WITH FEAR...
WITH THE MIMESIS ABROAD, NO ONE DARED GO TO SLEEP IN THE FIRST PLACE...
LIKE SOME FUTURISTIC MINOTAUR, THE MIMESIS CARRIED ITS PREY DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE LABYRINTH WORLD...
WHERE, PRESUMABLY, IT WOULD DEVOUR HER AT ITS LEISURE...
LOOK OUT!
IT WAS THE ULTIMATE PERSONIFICATION OF EVIL.
IT WAS HOW TORQUEMADA IMAGINED ALIENS TO BE.
IT WAS TORQUEMADA.

VIIIIIII!
REVERSE! GET US OUT OF HERE!
P-PLEASE! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I-I'M SORRY!
YOU WILL BE, HUMAN...
HEED MY WORDS! BEWARE! BE SICKENED!
BE DAMNED!
AAAHHHH
NO! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! YOU, TOO, MUST BE PUTRIFIED!
FILTH AND PUTRIFY!

NEMESIS!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, PURITY... IT'S ALL RIGHT... I'LL DEAL WITH HIM NOW.
TERMINATORS!
NEMESIS! IT'S A TRAP!
AND YOU, MY CHILD, WERE THE BAIT! I THOUGHT THE EVIL ONE WOULD COME TO YOUR RESCUE!
AS YOU WILL SEE, THE MIMESIS IS A PERFECT MIMIC ...ANTICIPATING THE WARLOCK'S EVERY MOVE...
...AND ALREADY MAKING ITS COUNTER-MOVE!

EVERY ACT IT REACTS TO IN A SPLIT SECOND!
NOTHING CAN STOP THE MIMESIS! NOTHING! THE MIMIC HAS BECOME THE MASTER!
WHY DOESN'T HE USE HIS PSYCHIC POWERS?
THE TWO ALIENS HURTLED OUT OF THE TUBE... FALLING DOWN TOWARDS THE CENTRAL ABYSS... WHERE THE TWO VAST CITIES OF MAUSOLEUM AND NECROPOLIS MEET...

NEIGGHHHH!
NEMESIS! NO!
OH, YES! YES! REJOICE, O TERMIGHT, FOR NOW IS THE HOUR OF THY DELIVERANCE!
NEXT PROG: CHAIN-AXE MASSACRE!

Nemesis
in Purity's story
BOOK EIGHT
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: DAVID ROACH
LTG: STEVE POTTER
THE WARLOCK'S DARK TWIN, THE MIMESIS, RAISES HIS BLADE FOR THE FINAL ACT...
BUT TORQUEMADA DIDN'T BELIEVE IN DELEGATION...
A CHAIN-AXE— QUICKLY! I MUST NOT BE ROBBED OF THE FRUITS OF VICTORY!
WAIT, MIMESIS! I MUST PERSONALLY SACRIFICE THE CREATURE OF KHAOS ON THE ALTAR OF LAW AND ORDER!
THE MIME IS AT END! NOW YOU FACE YOUR OWN NEMESIS! YEEE HEE HEE!

AND NEMESIS SEIZED HIS CHANCE...
YYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

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GOT TO HELP NEMESIS...
IT'S BEEN ONE OF THOSE DAYS, DEAR.
LIFE IN TERMIGHT, THOUGH OFTEN DEPRESSING, WAS NEVER DULL...
THERE THEY ARE!
NOW, DEVIANT! THE MOMENT I HAVE SAVOURED ALL THESE YEARS ... WHEN I SEVER YOUR LOATHSOME HEAD FROM YOUR EVEN MORE LOATHSOME BODY!

NO! I HAVE DESTROYED MY OWN CREATION!
IN ANSWER TO A SILENT SUMMONS, THE BLITZSPEAR APPEARS...
NEMESIS! UP HERE!
STOP THEM! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, NEMESIS—WHY DIDN'T YOU USE YOUR PSYCHIC POWERS TO DESTROY THE MIMESIS..?
IT'S DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN... I'LL TELL YOU BACK AT MY BASE...
SO I'LL FINALLY GET TO SEE THE HEADQUARTERS OF CREDO— NERVE CENTRE OF THE RESISTANCE!
NEXT PROG: THE TRUTH ABOUT NEMESIS...

Nemesis
in Purity's story
BOOK EIGHT
SCRIPT:
PAT MILLS
ART:
DAVID
ROACH
LTG:
STEVE
POTTER
THIS IS CREDO H.Q...? THE SECRET ORGANISATION SWORN TO OVERTHROW TORQUEMADA?!
YES, I'M AFRAID IT'S LOOKING A BIT TIDY AT THE MOMENT.

TIDY? IT'S A TIP!
IT WILL BE AFTER I'VE EMPTIED OUT SOME OF THESE FILING CABINETS.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE CRAZY!
NO—KHAOTIC. TOO MUCH ORDER OFFENDS ME. PAPER-WORK... SECRET DOCUMENTS... TIDINESS ...ARE ALIEN TO ME.
IF A HUMAN DID THAT, THEY'D SAY HE WAS HAVING A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!
THAT'S SILLY WHEN YOUR WHOLE WORLD'S A GIANT ASYLUM.
BUT YOU COULD HELP US CHANGE IT!
I COULD... BUT I QUITE LIKE THINGS THE WAY THEY ARE— WITH THAT PSYCHOPATH TORQUEMADA RUNNING THE MADHOUSE.
WHAT?!
IT'S LIKE IT'S ALL A GAME TO YOU... IS THAT WHY YOU DIDN'T USE YOUR PSYCHIC POWERS TO DESTROY THE MIMESIS?
YES... YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW EXHILIRATED I FELT WHEN THE MIMESIS HAD ME AT ITS MERCY...
CAN YOU IMAGINE THE BOREDOM OF BEING WHAT YOU WOULD CALL A GOD..? A BEING CAPABLE OF HAVING ANYTHING HE WANTS... YOUR PLANET— WITH ITS NIGHTMARE INHABITANTS— OFFERS ME EXCITEMENT.'

IT HAS THE SAME FASCINATION FOR ME AS THIS TERMITE MOUND...
LIKE A TERMIGHT STALSCRAPER...
THERE'S HALF A MILLION TERMITES LIVING IN THERE... RUNNING UP AND DOWN TUNNELS... SEE HOW THE SOLDIERS RUSH OUT TO ATTACK INTRUDERS? SEE..?
A BIT LIKE TORQUEMADA AND HIS TERMINATORS TAKING ON ME...
AND YOU CAN'T RESIST INTRUDING IN OUR WORLD...LIKE A CHILD POKING AT ANTS TO SEE HOW THEY REACT.
I PLEAD GUILTY.
AND YOU THINK AS MUCH OF US AS THOSE BUGS?!
OH, NO— I THINK MORE OF THEM. INSECTS EXISTED LONG BEFORE YOUR LOT CAME ALONG AND WILL SURVIVE LONG AFTER YOU'VE GONE.
THANKS A LOT! YOU WERE OUR LAST HOPE...
AS TORQUEMADA WOULD SAY— "PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN DEMONS, MY CHILD."

OH, BOY! I FEEL SO DEPRESSED... YOU'D BETTER PUT ME DOWN FOR A PADDED CELL.
OR A HYPNOTIC SPELL...
IT WAS YEARS LATER NOW... AND PURITY WAS LOOKING BACK ON HER EARLY LIFE...
SO YOU BLOTTED OUT THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU..? SO I'D GO ON HELPING YOU..?
YES... TACHYON PARTICLES ESCAPING THROUGH THE TIME LOCK MUST HAVE BROUGHT BACK YOUR MEMORY.
SO HE'D BEEN PLAYING WITH HUMANS ALL ALONG... LIKE THOTH... ONLY A MORE SUBTLE, ADULT GAME...
MORE SICK!
A GAME THAT GOT OUT OF HAND WITH THE DEATH OF HIS SON...
MURDERED BY THE ONE INSECT TO BITE BACK... TORQUEMADA!
WHILE THE ENTIRE PLANET FACED DESTRUCTION IF THE ABC WARRIORS FAILED IN THEIR MISSION TO REACH THE BLACK-HOLE CONTROL ROOM...
YOU WANTED TO SEE JUST WHAT ONE TERMITE WAS PREPARED TO DO FOR WHAT WE INSECTS CALL 'FREEDOM'!
AND YOU CLEARLY VALUE FREEDOM HIGHLY...
HAVE I REMEMBERED EVERYTHING..? OR IS THERE SOMETHING... ELSE?
AHH! NOW THAT WOULD BE TELLING...
YOU'RE EVIL!
WELL, DON'T SOUND SO SURPRISED. DON'T ASSUME JUST BECAUSE TORQUEMADA IS EVIL THAT I'M GOOD. THE FOLLOWERS OF KHAOS AND ORDER CAN BE EITHER.

AND NOW YOU'LL MAKE ME FORGET AGAIN, I SUPPOSE?
IT'S FOR THE BEST...
BUT ONE DAY I'LL REMEMBER... AND WHEN I DO...
I'LL KILL YOU.
WHEN YOU AWAKE, YOU WILL REMEMBER NOTHING...
EXCEPT FOR A DREAM... A BEAUTIFUL DREAM...
I'VE JUST HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM...
NO MORE TIME FOR DREAMS, PURITY. TORQUEMADA'S SOMEWHERE IN THIS TIME ZONE. WE MUST FIND AND DESTROY HIM!
YOU... YOU'RE RIGHT.
CREDO!
THE SAGA CONTINUES IN THE ABC WARRIORS BOOK THREE AND NEMESIS RETURNS LATER IN BOOK NINE: DEATHBRINGER.

Nemesis
THE WARLOCK

BOOK IX

DEATHBRINGER

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: John Hicklenton
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 586-608

The ABC Warriors have saved the Time Wastes...
...from which TORQUEMADA has escaped.
NEMESIS is still in deadly pursuit of the man who killed his son, Thoth.
PURITY BROWN travels with him.
The time is NOW.

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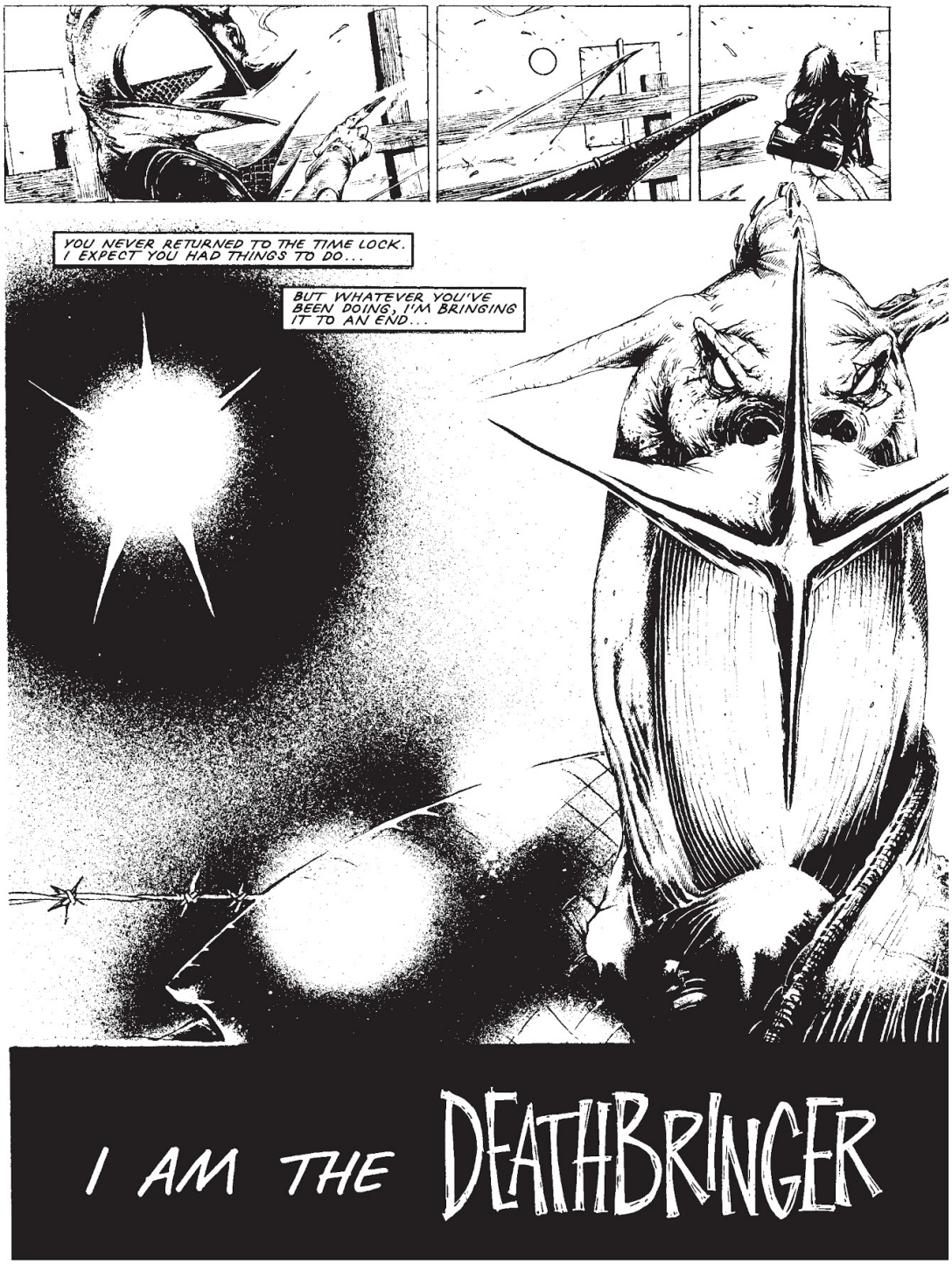
YOU'RE HERE SOMEWHERE IN THIS HELL WORLD... THIS CURIO WHERE ONLY THE STRONG AND CRUEL SURVIVE AND THE WEAK GO UNDER...
YOU CALL THE PROCESS EVOLUTION. SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.
YOU THINK THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE IS GOVERNED BY THE RULES OF YOUR MADHOUSE.
WHICH IS WHY YOU ATTACKED IT.
FOR YOU ARE THE STRONGEST, CRUELLEST OF THE INSECT-LIKE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET.
YOU ARE THE FIRST INSECT TO BITE BACK.
WE WERE A RACE IN DECAY. MANY OF US HAD GROWN SENILE.
THEN THE EGG CAME. AND THE PROMISE OF NEW LIFE.
SKINNY
PUPPY
THOTH.
YOU ENDED IT WITH A CHAIN SWORD.

DANGER
PASSING THROUGH THIS AREA WILL RESULT IN YOUR IMMEDIATE ARREST
HELLO! ANYONE AT HOME?
RAP-AP!
69
BLACKSTEAD ESTATE
71
DUNSTAN MASSIVE
THIS IS A CONTAMINATED AREA. DO NOT LOITER.
WHERE'S EVERYONE GONE?
DO NOT LOITER
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, TORQUEMADA?
TRACY WILKINS
AGED 6
1980 - 1986
HAZARD!
ZONE!
YOU'VE BEEN HERE ABOUT TEN YEARS...
THAT'S HOW LONG THIS ESTATE'S BEEN UP...
HOW LONG TACHYON PARTICLES, ESCAPING FROM THE TUNNEL, SEPARATED US IN TIME.


YOU NEVER RETURNED TO THE TIME LOCK. I EXPECT YOU HAD THINGS TO DO...
BUT WHATEVER YOU'VE BEEN DOING, I'M BRINGING IT TO AN END...
I AM THE DEATHBRINGER

DRINKS
Coke 38p 99p
Diet Coke 38p 99p
Fanta
Orange 38p
Lemonade 38p
Coffe 38p
-CH-KLIK-
HI!
MOVE AND WE'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF! I.D.?
I DON'T HAVE ANY
WHO'S WITH YOU?
NO ONE.
NAME?
PURITY BROWN.
BORN?
ER-1962.
WHERE?
HERE.
WHERE'S HERE?
OH, YOU KNOW...
YOU DON'T RULER OF THIS COUNTRY! QUICK!
All prices include V
BLAST! WE DID ANCIENT HISTORY... WHO WAS IT? WELLINGTON? CHURCHILL? WAIT— I'VE GOT IT!
QUEEN VICTORIA.
UNIT FOUR TO CONTROL. GOT ONE, SIR. 'PURITY BROWN'. NO I.D. FAILED STANDARD TEST. WANDERING IN BREAK-DOWN ZONE NINE. PERMISSION TO TERMINATE? THANK YOU, SIR.
HEY... I WAS NEVER VERY GOOD AT QUIZ GAMES.
BRATATATATAT!
NEXT PROG PARTY TIME...

Nemesis
in DEATHBRINGER
BOOK NINE
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
IT WAS A TYPICAL FRIDAY NIGHT PARTY, SO WE CAN ONLY SHOW YOU AN EDITED VERSION...
CAN I HAVE TEN PEE, YEAH? ONLY I'VE GOT TO PHONE MY MUM IN HOSPITAL.
SEEING AS IT'S YOU, JENNY.
ALL RIGHT, SPEEDY?
WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH YOU?
COULD YOU GIVE ME TEN PEE— I'VE GOT TO PHONE MY MUM IN HOSPITAL? YEAH?
SPLSH!
SORRY I'M SKINT.
OUTSIDE!
BUT I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, SPEEDY!
LOOK, I ONLY WANT TO TALK TO YOU...
HI! YOU COULDN'T DO ME A BIG, BIG FAVOUR...

OH, YOU'RE REALLY BORING. IS THAT ALL YOU CAN TALK ABOUT? CARS?
I'M NOT BORING. I TALK ABOUT MOTORBIKES AND SAM FOX AS WELL.
I EXPECT YOU HAVE POSTERS OF MOTORBIKES AND SAMANTHA FOX ON YOUR WALL?
YOU COULDN'T SPARE TEN PEE SO I CAN PHONE MY MUM IN HOSPITAL?
SURE.
I SEE. CADGING MONEY FOR STUART AGAIN.
SHUT UP YOU STUPID COW.
HE'S ONLY USING YOU SINCE HE AND BIG MARY SPLIT UP.
I'VE COME TO PICK UP MY DAUGHTER MIRIAM. HAVE YOU SEEN HER?
WHAT ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF?
TRY UPSTAIRS.
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU COULD LET ME HAVE TEN PEE, YEAH? SEE, MY MUM'S IN HOSPITAL..
SHE'S REALLY THICK. I ASKED HER WHAT WAS ON TV, SO SHE SAYS... A THREE HOUR PROGRAMME CALLED 'AS LONDON'...
I THINK WE'RE ON THE SAME WAVE-LENGTH..
ANYONE SEEN MR OMS?
I'M DESPERATE FOR TEN PEE. SEE, MY MUM...
THAT SHOULD MAKE UP THE DIFFERENCE, STUART.
GREAT. MY LANDLORD WOULD'VE KILLED ME IF I HADN'T COME UP WITH THE CASH.

82
I'D BETTER GO HE'S REALLY STRICT ABOUT WHAT TIME I GET IN BY.
I'LL COME WITH YOU. THIS PLACE IS SWARMING WITH SHARONS, ANYWAY.
STUART'S EX WAS A LOT OLDER THAN HIM... HE SEEMS TO GO FOR THE MORE MATURE WOMAN.
MAYBE I OUGHT TO MAKE MYSELF LOOK OLDER. YEAH?
BUT IF I DO START GOING OUT WITH HIM, BIG MARY MIGHT BEAT ME UP...
SO WHAT'S THIS LANDLORD OF YOURS LIKE?
BUT I WAS DESPERATE FOR A PLACE TO STAY WHEN MARY KICKED ME OUT.
I'VE GOT TO MOVE AGAIN IN FOUR WEEKS —UNLESS I GET MYSELF DECLARED INSANE.
LIKE A GIANT SKINHEAD. WELL HARD. DM'S UP TO HIS KNEES. SCARES THE WIT OUT OF ME. I HEARD HE BROKE THE LEGS OF SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T PAY THE RENT.

BUT I'D HAVE TO BE INSANE TO STAY. THERE'S A BIG GROOVE IN THE BED—LIKE SOMEONE'S DIED IN IT. AND I SWEAR IT'S BLOOD ON THE WALL. HE DOESN'T GIVE US PROPER FOOD—JUST ALL THE TOAST WE CAN EAT.
WATCH OUT! REAPERS!
MUST BE A BIG BREAKDOWN SOMEWHERE.
WONDER WHO THEY'RE AFTER THIS TIME?
DON'T LET'S TALK ABOUT IT. OKAY?
SORRY, JEN. I FORGOT YOU USED TO LIVE ON THE BLACKSTEAD ESTATE. WASN'T THERE A PRETTY BAD BREAKDOWN THERE?
MY FAMILY WERE ONE OF THE FEW TO GET OUT IN TIME.
YOU WAIT HERE. I'LL JUST MAKE SURE IT'S OKAY.
TOMS - BED AND BREAKFAST
ER—YOU DID SAY IT WAS ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO HAVE FRIENDS BACK OCCASIONALLY?
OCCASIONALLY!
WELL... IS IT ALL RIGHT IF SHE COMES IN?
I SUPPOSE SO. IF SHE'S RESPECTABLE. I'M NOT HAVING ANY OF THAT SORT HERE. I THINK I'D BETTER INSPECT HER...

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JENNY... THIS IS MY LANDLORD— TORQUEMADA.
CANDIDA! SHE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE CANDIDA! SHE MUST BE MINE!
HI.
JOHN 88
NEXT PROG: IN THE HANDS OF THE REAPERS...

Nemesis
in DEATHBRINGER
BOOK NINE
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
AT COLLEGE NEXT DAY...
PLAIN SALAD, PLEASE.
ARE YOU ONE OF THOSE FUNNY EATERS, DEAR?
NO. I'M A VEGETARIAN.
NINA'S LOOKING FOR YOU. SHE'S DESPERATE FOR YOUR PSYCHOLOGY NOTES.
GOOD. SHE'S BEING AN EVIL BITCH TO ME, SO I WANT TO MAKE HER SWEAT A BIT.
I THOUGHT YOU HAD A SOCIOLOGY LECTURE. YEAH?
NO-I GAVE IT UP. FOUND I WAS WORKING TOO HARD. JUST GONNA DO ART NOW.
ALSO MAKES IT EASIER TO CLAIM AS A PART-TIME STUDENT.
DON'T DROP OUT COMPLETELY, STUART. NOT WITH ALL THESE BREAKDOWNS... YOU KNOW WHAT THE REAPERS ARE LIKE.
YEAH. SOMEONE WAS TELLING ME THEY'RE SETTING UP CAMPS DOWN SOUTH...
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
IT'S BRILLIANT, STUART. YOU'RE REALLY TALENTED.
I WOULDN'T COMPARE MYSELF WITH DURER... BUT WE HAVE SIMILAR STYLES, I SUPPOSE..
...'WE OUGHT TO MOVE THIS OFFICE TO THE COLLEGE,' HE SAYS. SNEERING AT ME FROM BEHIND HIS GLASS BARRIER.
OH, NO! THERE'S YOUR CREEPY LANDLORD!
OH, YEAH. TORQUEMADA WANTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN. I SAID HE'D FIND YOU HERE.
WELL, THANKS A BUNCH...
SOMETIMES I THINK STUART'S HEAD IS FULL OF BROKEN BOTTLES.

WICKLENTON -1988-
STUART! DON'T GO!
MARY...
STUART... I'M SORRY I THREW YOU OUT. COULD WE START AGAIN?
I'D PREFER IT IF WE WERE JUST FRIENDS.

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MY CHILD... I LAY AWAKE ALL LAST NIGHT—TOSSING AND TURNING—THINKING OF YOU.
OH, JEEZ!
FOR YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE WHO WAS ONCE VERY DEAR TO ME, WHO IS NO MORE.
I'M SORRY.
SO IS SHE NOW. FORGIVE ME IF I AM DIRECT, BUT... YOU MUST NOT THINK OF ME AS A NORMAL MAN.
I... ER... I DON'T!
I AM, IN FACT, GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT! RULER OF A GALACTIC EMPIRE THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE!
YES, WELL, YOU WOULD BE...
JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, STUART!
SO IF MY BEHAVIOUR SEEMS A TRIFLE ODD... OR MY REQUESTS A LITTLE ... UNUSUAL, THAT IS BECAUSE I AM PARTY TO INNER MYSTERIES YOU CAN KNOW NOTHING OF.
AND IT IS MY FONDEST WISH— NAY, MY BURNING DESIRE— THAT YOU RETURN WITH ME TO TERMIGHT AND BE MY GRAND MISTRESS, JENNIFER!
SORRY— I'VE GOT MY 'A' LEVELS COMING UP.
MEANWHILE... ON THE BLACKSTEAD ESTATE...
BRAT-TATATAT!

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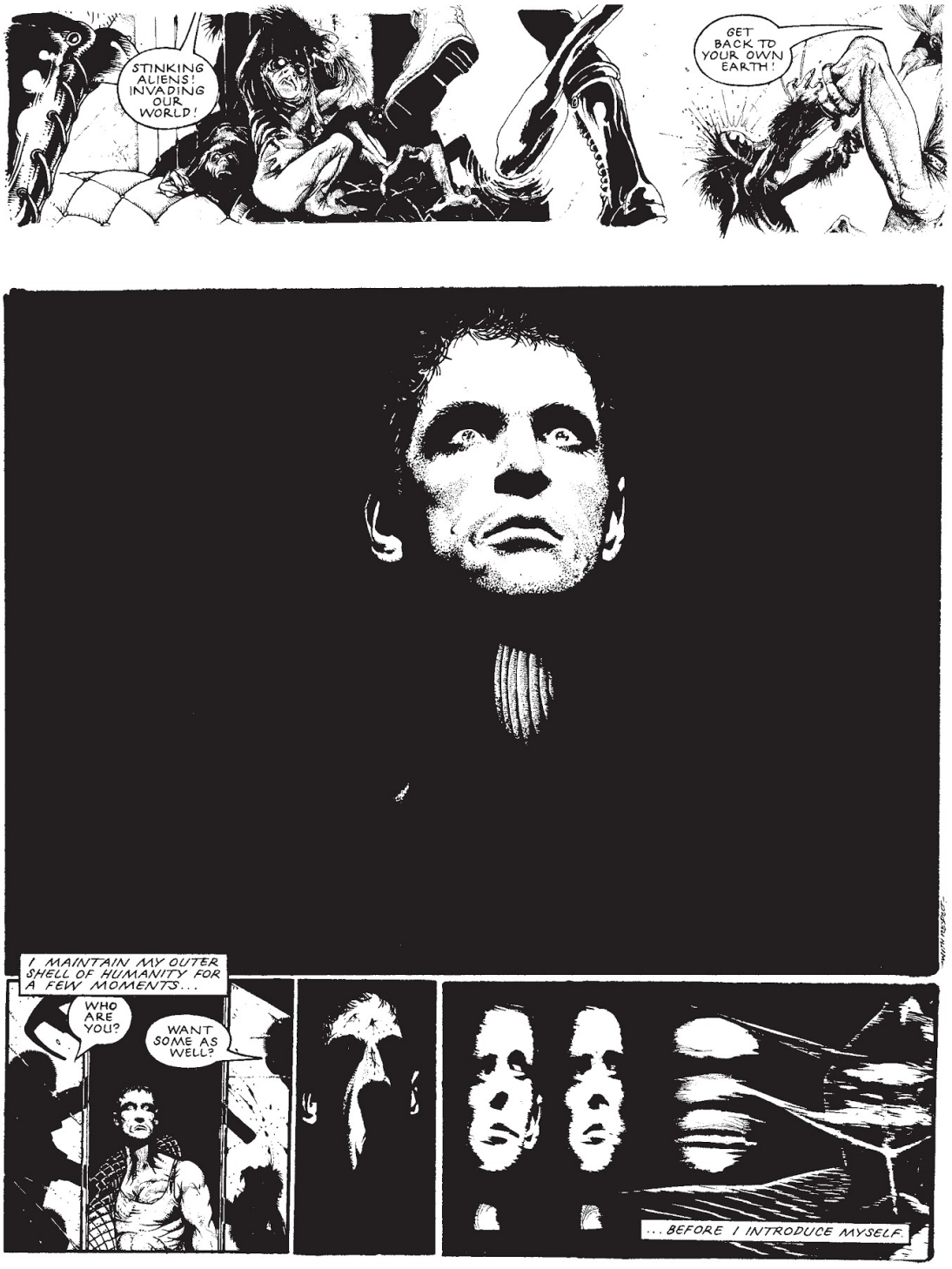
THE PRISONER'S HERE, SIR.
BRING HER IN.
TORQUEMADA!
NEXT PROG: AN ALIEN ECHO

Nemesis
in DEATHBRINGER
BOOK NINE
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
THE CREATURES THAT LIVE ON THIS PLANET NEVER CEASE TO FASCINATE ME..
THE WAY A YOUNG HUMAN, AT A CERTAIN AGE, UNDERGOES A STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS, TURNING ITSELF INTO...
THAT.
FROM GOO GOO TO GLUE GLUE.
OR HOW ONE HUMAN STILL BELIEVES THERE'S HOPE FOR HER KIND..
AND GOES ON DESPERATELY LOOKING FOR A WAY OUT.
LIKE AN INSECT TRAPPED IN A JAM JAR, TRYING TO REACH A BETTER WORLD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS.
I SENSE THE IMMEDIATE THREAT TO TERMIGHT IS OVER.
THAT AGAINST ALL ODDS, THE WARRIORS SUCCEEDED*..
AND THE PLANET CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD.
I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER FIND HER.
*SEE THE RECENT ABC WARRIORS SAGA.

BUT THE ECHOES— THE RIPPLES— FROM SUCH AN EVENT WILL CONTINUE...
THIS IS ONE OF THE RIPPLES.
WHEN THE BLACK-HOLE BECAME INCREASINGLY UNSTABLE, THERE WAS A MASSIVE OUTPOUR OF ENERGY THE TIME WASTES COULD NOT CONTAIN...
DAMAGING THE BARRIERS BETWEEN ALTERNATIVE EARTHS...
CAUSING...
OY! OY! OY!
BREAKDOWNS IN REALITY.
OY! OY! OY!
DEVIANTS OUT! DEVIANTS OUT!
OY! OY! OY!
I WONDERED WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING IN THE LAST TEN YEARS, TORQUEMADA...
BEHAVE
NOW I KNOW.


STINKING ALIENS! INVADING OUR WORLD!
GET BACK TO YOUR OWN EARTH!
I MAINTAIN MY OUTER SHELL OF HUMANITY FOR A FEW MOMENTS...
WHO ARE YOU?
WANT SOME AS WELL?
...BEFORE I INTRODUCE MYSELF.

I AM THE NEMESIS.
I AM THE WARLOCK.
THE LORD OF THE FLIES.
THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME.
THE ONE WHO WAITS ON THE EDGE OF YOUR DREAMS.

THEY'RE GOOD.
TORQUEMADA'S TRAINED THEM WELL.
THEY KNOW WHAT TO DO.
SO DO I.
'BE PURE' HAS A BIG MOUTH.
I MAKE IT BIGGER.
THEN I DEAL WITH 'BE VIGILANT'.
'BEHAVE' STARTS TO RUN
I GET HIM WITH A SLIMEBALL.
IT SEEMS APPROPRIATE.
I AM THE DEATHBRINGER.
NEXT: PROG
APPROACHING CRITICAL

Nemesis
in DEATHBRINGER
BOOK NINE
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
IT'S ALL COMING APART, PURITY.
JOHN HICKLENTON/'88
THE DEVIANT IS NO LONGER AT THE DOOR.
HE'S IN.
I'M EARTH'S LAST HOPE, PURITY.
I'M ALL YOU'VE GOT.

WHEN REALITY STARTED BREAKING DOWN, I HAD TO STAY AND HELP THESE PEOPLE.
WITH MY EXPERTISE IN SUCH MATTERS, I WAS GIVEN EXTRAORDINARY POWERS...
REAPERS CONVENTION
YES. YOU'RE AN EXPERT IN EXTERMINATION.
I WOULD REMIND YOU IT WAS THE ARCH-DEVIANT'S SON WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS.
AND WHOM YOU MURDERED.
I DON'T DENY IT. OR THAT THE MEMORY OF THOTH'S LAST MOMENTS GIVES ME ALMOST... PHYSICAL PLEASURE.
A1E Kit

YOU DISGUST ME.
I DIDN'T ONCE...
YOU? HAH! NEVER!
BECAUSE NEMESIS BLOCKED IT OUT OF YOUR MIND...
YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT?
THEN LET ME RELATE... CERTAIN DETAILS THAT MAY CONVINCE YOU...
US...! BUT WHY?
TO AMUSE HIM.
IT'S ALL A JOKE TO HIM. AN ALIEN JOKE. WE'RE INSECTS, THERE FOR HIS ENTERTAINMENT.
HOME SWEET HOME
WHATEVER HE'S DONE, THAT DOESN'T EXCUSE YOUR CRIMES.
COME WITH ME.
THE WHOLE FABRIC OF REALITY IS SHOT TO HELL. ALLOWING US DIRECT COMMUNICATION WITH ALTERNATIVE EARTHS...
EARTH 7 WAS OVER-RUN LAST YEAR... EARTH 9 IS INFESTED... WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM EARTH 17 FOR THREE MONTHS...
ON OUR OWN EARTH, THERE HAVE BEEN MAJOR BREAK-DOWNS IN TOKYO ...LOS ANGELES... CAIRO... WE'VE LOST MANCHESTER AND OSLO.
WE ARE APPROACHING CRITICAL...
SIR, WE MAY HAVE A LEAD ON THE DEATHBRINGER. A GANG OF OY BOYS WERE MURDERED IN SECTOR TWELVE...
SIR— THE PRIME MINISTER AGAIN...

...THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONFIDENCE IN ME, PRIME MINISTER... YES...
MY BEAM WEAPON IS VITAL IF WE ARE TO DEFEAT THEM...
MAY I SUGGEST A FURTHER DIVERSION OF POWER FROM THE NATIONAL GRID?
UK
CONTINUE THE SEARCH FOR THE DEATHBRINGER.
POSTPONE MY MEETING WITH THE CHIEF CONSTABLES UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING.
THIS WAY, PURITY.
JAGUAR
XJ6
WE'RE GOING BACK UP TO THE BLACKSTEAD ESTATE.
I WANT YOU TO SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST.
WE'RE READY TO GO IN AS SOON AS YOU GIVE THE ORDER, SIR.
TWO MINUTES.
TAKE A LOOK, PURITY.
71
-ENHANCE-
-ENHANCE-
CAREFUL, SIR. THEY GOT COLLINS AND ROBERTS EARLIER.

THEY'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GRAVES YOU SAW. THEY'RE TRYING TO MOVE IN. TRYING TO TAKE OVER, PURITY. OUR WORLD.
YOU KNOW THIS IS WHAT HE WANTS. KHAOS. AND YOU?
I...
WOULD LIKE THERE TO BE SOME OTHER WAY? BUT THERE'S NO MIDDLE GROUND THIS TIME, PURITY.
ONLY I STAND BETWEEN HUMANITY AND THE PIT. IT'S HIM OR ME. ALWAYS HAS BEEN. TIME TO TAKE SIDES, PURITY. TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED.
BORN AGAIN.
WHAT. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
REJOICE. FOR YOU HAVE BEEN...
NEXT: THE WINNING SIDE.

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Nemesis
in DEATHBRINGER
BOOK NINE
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
FOLLOWING PURITY'S CONVERSION TO HIS CAUSE, TORQUEMADA RETURNED TO ONE OF HIS BED AND BREAKFASTS...
WHERE HE SPENT A NOSTALGIC AFTERNOON LOOKING THROUGH HIS SCRAPBOOK OF THE LAST TEN YEARS...
HE HAD ARRIVED IN TWENTIETH CENTURY BRITAIN WHEN THE REALITY BREAKDOWNS FIRST OCCURED...
TO DEAL WITH THE THREAT, HE HAD SET UP 'OY!'... HIS ORGANISATION FOR YOUTH...
OY! STANDS FOR OPPORTUNITY FOR YOUTH! ORDER FOR YOUTH! ONWARD FOR YOUTH!
WE SAY, 'OY! WAKE UP, WORLD! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! BEFORE THE ALIENS TAKE OVER!'

WE ARE OY BOYS, WE AIN'T DUMB! WE KICK ALIENS JUST FOR FUN! WHEN WE'VE NUTTED THEM, WE AIN'T DONE! THEN WE BLAST 'EM WITH OUR GUN! 'COS THEY LIKE IT AND WANT MORE... THEN WE START ON THE CHAIN SAW!
WE ARE OY BOYS, BE ON YOUR GUARD! 'COS WE'RE REALLY, REALLY HARD!
IN FACT MOST INHABITANTS OF ALTERNATIVE EARTHS WERE HARMLESS... AND TERRIFIED AT THE PROSPECT OF SUDDENLY ARRIVING IN A STRANGE NEW WORLD...
ZAPPA
WITH GOOD REASON.
BUT THE FEAR OF AN ALIEN INVASION WAS SO GREAT, THE OY BOYS WERE GIVEN POPULAR SUPPORT...
TORQUEMADA, WITH HIS EXPERT KNOWLEDGE ON ALIENS, WAS ACCLAIMED AS EARTH'S LAST HOPE... AS...
LEADER! LEADER! LEADER!
IN AN EFFORT TO CONTROL HIM, THE GOVERNMENT MADE HIM HEAD OF 'THE REAPERS'— THE REALITY POLICE...

THEIR JOB: TO DEAL WITH ALIENS AND HUMANS FROM ALTERNATIVE EARTHS...
BUT ANYONE WHO LOOKED WEIRD, WHO DEVIATED FROM THE NORM', WAS LIKELY TO BE ARRESTED AS A SUSPECTED ALTERNATIVE-EARTHER... AND TAKEN TO A SPECIAL 'CLEARING CAMP'...
VACANCIES
AT THE SAME TIME, TORQUEMADA SET UP A CHAIN OF BED AND BREAKFASTS...
SO HE COULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE REFUGEES ESCAPING FROM THE BREAK-DOWNS...

YOU HAD TO BE DESPERATE TO STAY THERE.
BUT THESE WERE DESPERATE TIMES.
NO ONE DARED BE LATE SIGNING OVER THEIR GIRO...
WITHIN THREE YEARS HE WAS ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST MEN IN THE COUNTRY.
AND NOW HE'D ACHIEVED HIS GREATEST EVER SUCCESS WITH PURITY BROWN... SHE WHO DEMEANED WITH DEMONS...

HE'D SHOWN HER HOW ALIENS WERE OVER-RUNNING THEIR EARTH...
CONVINCED HER HIS METHODS WERE NECESSARY. THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY..
71
... BUT TO TURN AGAINST NEMESIS.
FEAR... ANGER... REVENGE... THESE WERE WEAPONS TORQUEMADA COULD HANDLE AS EXPERTLY AS A BLOW-TORCH...
WHEN THE TIME WAS RIGHT, SHE WOULD BETRAY THE WARLOCK...
AND HE WOULD RETURN TO TERMIGHT WITH HIS NEW CANDIDA...
... A GIRL WHO BORE A STARTLING RESEMBLANCE TO HIS EX-WIFE (NOW UNDERGOING PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT).

HE WAS OFF NOW TO A CLUB SHE FREQUENTED.
I SHALL BE AT THE CITY OF DEATH NIGHTCLUB SHOULD ANYONE NEED ME.
IS THAT WISE, GRAND MASTER? I AM TOLD—ALTHOUGH I HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE PERSONALLY, OF COURSE—THAT IT IS A GATHER-PLACE FOR THE DEVIANTS OF THIS ERA.
WHICH IS WHY I AM GOING, BROTHER MIKRON.
SO I MAY WARN OUR PEOPLE OF THE DANGERS; I MUST EXPERIENCE DEVIANCE IN ALL ITS FORMS... HUMAN AS WELL AS ALIEN.
AS INDEED YOU HAVE DONE ON MANY OCCASIONS, GRAND MASTER.
I LIKE TO BE THOROUGH.
IN THE INTERESTS OF RESEARCH, YOU UNDERSTAND.
OF COURSE... BUT YOU KNOW OF MY DEVOTION TO YOU, GRAND MASTER?
IT IS LEGENDARY, BROTHER MIKRON.
OUT OF THAT DEVOTION, I BEG YOU TO BE CAREFUL... THE DEATHBRINGER HIMSELF IS ABROAD AND WILL NOT REST UNTIL HE HAS AVENGED HIS SON.
I FEAR ONLY ONE OF YOU CAN SURVIVE YOUR NEXT ENCOUNTER.
YOU THINK A DEMON CAN DEFEAT... A SUPREME BEING?
FOR A MOMENT TORQUEMADA SEEMED TO LOOM OVER BROTHER MIKRON...
I AM THE GRAND MASTER
I AM THE OY BOY
I AM THE LANDLORD
HEAD OF THE REAPERS
CHIEF OF THE TUBE POLICE
SCOURGE OF THE ALIEN
THE FIRST TERMITE TO BITE BACK
THE ONE GRANNIES FEAR
THE ONE YOU CROSS THE ROAD TO AVOID
I AM ORDER PERSONIFIED
I AM THE ULTIMATE HUMAN
I AM A GOD
AND BROTHER MIKRON KNEW IT WAS NEMESIS WHO WAS DOOMED!
NEXT: TORQUE OF THE TOWN
NICK LENTON '88

Nemesis
in DEATHBRINGER
BOOK NINE
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
TICKET HOT LINE
BOILER HOUSE
ALTERNATIVE NIGHT
NO BOOTS. NO JACKETS WITH ZIPS.
AN 'ALTERNATIVE NIGHT'?! SO... THEY FLAUNT THEIR DEVIANCY OPENLY! OH, FOUL! FOUL!
HOW MUCH HAIRSPRAY YOU GOT ON?
ABOUT A CAN AND A HALF.
DEVIANTS! WEIRDOS! FREAKS! I'D LIKE TO GELD THEM ALL...
NO. NOT YOUR TYPE, MATE.
ARE YOU SPEAKING TO ME?
YEAH. YOU'D LOOK PRETTY STUPID IN THERE WITH THOSE BOOTS.

AND YOU'D LOOK PRETTY STUPID WITH AN EXTRA NOSTRIL.
WELL... I SUPPOSE THEY'RE NOT REALLY D.M.'S...
GO AHEAD.
JUST SEARCH YOU FOR WEAPONS, SIR...
CLOAKS
DEATH... BLOOD... DROWNINS... LEATHER... DEATH... KILL... CHAINS... FLESH...
I LOVE GRAVEYARDS. I LOVE DEATH. I LOVE DREAMING ABOUT DEATH. I'M JUST REALLY OBSESSED WITH DEATH.
I LIKE THE ATMOSPHERE IN HERE...
I'VE AN EARRING IN MY NAVEL.
SO? LOOK... I'VE PIERCED MY FINGER-NAILS.
MAKES ME FEEL AT HOME...

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BLACK...' BLACK...' BLACK...' BLACK...' BLACK...' BLACK...'
TORQUEMADA!
MY LODGER SAID JENNIFER WOULD BE HERE...
I'VE GOT THIS THEORY. GOTHS DON'T MULTIPLY LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE. THEY MAKE MORE GOTHS BY SPLITTING IN HALF...
A BIT LIKE POND-LIFE!
SEE THAT ONE WITH SCRATCH MARKS DOWN HER FACE, AS IF SHE'S BEEN THROUGH PAIN? SOON ALL THE OTHERS WILL BE COPYING HER.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND.
THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE.
HA! GOTCHA!
BOG OFF, TIM!
COCKTAILS
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS PLACE?
IT'S GREAT, STUART.
"IT'S GREAT, STUART".
I'M GOING TO FREAK EVERYONE OUT AND GET A CHEESE-GRATER AND SCRAPE ALL THE SKIN OFF THE PALM OF MY HAND.
OH, BRILLIANT!
YOU WINGNUT!
BIG MARY'S LOOKING FOR YOU.
I JUST NEED HER OUT OF MY FACE FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS.
SHE'S REALLY UP-SET. GETTING STOKED.

HELLO, JENNIFER!
YOU HAVE CONSIDERED MY PROPOSAL? TO RETURN TO TERMIGHT WITH ME AND BE MY WIFE?
YES, TOMAS.
AND YOUR ANSWER?
OH, YES.
EXCELLENT! WE SHALL BE MARRIED IN THE GREAT TEMPLE— BEFORE THE ARCH-BIGOT OF NECROPOLIS HIMSELF! THEN I SHALL INSERT THE MICRO-BOMB IN YOUR HEAD, MAKING YOU MINE FOREVER!
YOU'LL LIKE TERMIGHT! IT HAS SKYSCRAPERS SHAPED LIKE STALACTITES AND STALAGMITES BUILT INSIDE VAST UNDERGROUND CAVERNS!
IT SOUNDS WONDERFUL... MM'PH!
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I CAN MAINTAIN THIS HALLUCINATION...
IT'S NOT EASY...

WHY DON'T WE GO OUTSIDE, DARLING?
UGH! IT'S THAT REPULSIVE SKINHEAD...
JENNIFER?!
BUT THEN WHO ARE YOU?
LET ME SHOW YOU...
... DARLING!
AAAHH! I HAVE DEMEANED MYSELF WITH A DEMON!
NEXT: DEATH ROCK

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Nemesis
in DEATHBRINGER
BOOK NINE
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
THE WARLOCK FINDS A SUITABLE WEAPON TO CHASTISE THE GRAND MASTER WITH...
TO THE DEATH!
TORQUEMADA DOES THE SAME...
AYE, DEVIANT! TO THE DEATH!
IT ENDS TONIGHT, TORQUEMADA...
HERE IN THE CITY OF DEATH.

I AM THE DEATHBRINGER.
I COULD FINISH YOU NOW... SO EASILY...
BUT THE NIGHT IS YOUNG... AND I WANT THIS TO LAST..
FOR THOTH. FOR WHAT YOU DID TO MY SON.
OKAY, YOU TWO! I'VE CALLED THE POLICE... OUT!

SORRY! CARRY ON!
THIS SHOULD BORE ME... THE ENDLESS FIGHTS... THE ENDLESS PUNISHMENT WE INFLICT ON EACH OTHER...
BUT... I JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF IT.
FIGHTING WITH THE MOST INSANE CREATURE FROM THIS ASYLUM WORLD...
SO VIOLENT. SO DANGEROUS.
THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT SO EXCITING.
SO GOOD.
COLONEL!
GET ME A KILL-CANNON— QUICKLY! THE DEATHBRINGER! IN THERE!

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HA! GOTCHA!
AMO
AMO
AMO
KK KANEN
EXIT
COME ON, MARY. GET UP!
I JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE.
AND I THOUGHT THEY WATERED THE DRINKS IN THAT CLUB.
MAYBE WE SHOULD CARRY HER?
STUUUUAART! I LOVE YOU, STUART!
NO. IT'D BE LIKE MOVING A BEACHED WHALE. TRY DRAGGING HER.

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LEAVE ME ALONE!
OH LOOK AT THIS! SHE'S BEEN SICK AGAIN...
STUART— HELP US GET HER HOME.
IT'S NOT MY SCENE. I WANT TO STAY AND WATCH THE SUN COME UP.
OH, THAT'S RIGHT! LEAVE IT FOR THE GIRLIES TO SORT OUT YOUR MESS!
LOOK, DON'T HASSLE ME. I DON'T NEED ANY HASSLE IN MY LIFE RIGHT NOW.
I HATE HIM! I HATE HIM SO MUCH!
DON'T CRY, MARY.
THANK YOU, JENNY. THANK YOU. YOU'RE SUCH A KIND GIRL... HOW CAN I REPAY YOU?
JUST DON'T PUKE ON ME, OKAY?
THERE HE GOES! AFTER HIM!
YES, SIR!
IT'S THAT SKINHEAD! HE— HE'S IN CHARGE OF THE REAPERS!
I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN...
NEXT: "HERE'S TORQUEMADA!"

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Nemesis
in DEATHBRINGER
BOOK NINE
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
GOING TO THE VAULTS. GOT A JUKE BOX WITH THE INDI CHARTS. COMING?
AND LEAVE THE FLAT IN THIS STATE?
I'LL DO IT TOMORROW, OKAY?
YOU'VE BEEN SAYING THAT ALL MONTH!
BRRING!
I'LL DEFINITELY DO IT TOMORROW. MELLOW DOWN. DON'T GET SO HUNG UP ON MATERIAL POSSESSIONS.
DON'T GET ALL LAID BACK WITH ME, YOU FLIPPIN' HIPPIE! YOU'RE JUST A LAZY BITCH!
OH, I DON'T WANT TO DEAL WITH ONE OF YOUR NEUROTIC OUT-BURSTS RIGHT NOW. I'LL GET THE DOOR...
HELLO. I'M STUART'S MUM. UNFORTUNATELY.
OH, HI!

I UNDERSTAND FROM STUART YOU'VE GOT MY CAMPING EQUIPMENT.
OH, YEAH— HE LET ME HAVE IT FOR THE FESTIVAL. ARE YOU GOING CAMPING THEN?
NO. I JUST WANT MY PROPERTY BACK.
I'VE TOLD HIM I'LL REPORT HIM TO THE POLICE IF HE TAKES ANYTHING ELSE. I'VE TAKEN HIS KEYS, ALTHOUGH I EXPECT HE'S GOT COPIES.
HELL! TORQUEMADA! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
I EXPECT HE'S WALKING AROUND— OUT OF HIS HEAD, AS USUAL. OR WITH THAT CRADLE-SNATCHER.
SORRY! NEED TO HANG ON TO THE SLEEPING BAG A BIT LONGER! 'BYE!
18
ER... JUST A MINUTE... I'M COMING!
I'LL CRASH OUT ROUND BIG MARY'S. SHE OWES ME A FAVOUR AFTER THE OTHER NIGHT.
STUART! YOU AND—!
YEAH. WE'RE BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

MARY'S PROBABLY LIKE A MOTHER FIGURE TO ME. I FEEL THE NEED TO BE MOTHERED, YOU SEE?
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR PRIVATE LIFE.
LOOK, IF THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR, DON'T ANSWER IT, YEAH?
KNOCK! KNOCK!
OH, NO! IT'S HIM!
WHO?
THIS HUGE SKIN-HEAD WHO'S AFTER ME!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
IF WE DON'T ANSWER IT, MAYBE HE'LL GO AWAY...
HERE'S...
TORQUEMADA.'
I APOLOGISE FOR MY METHOD OF ENTRY. I WOULD HAVE USED MY CHAIN SAW, BUT 'CHERYL' IS LOSING HER BITE. I HAVE DESPATCHED BROTHER MIKRON TO THE GARDEN CENTRE TO FIND HER REPLACEMENT.
LEAVE ME ALONE!

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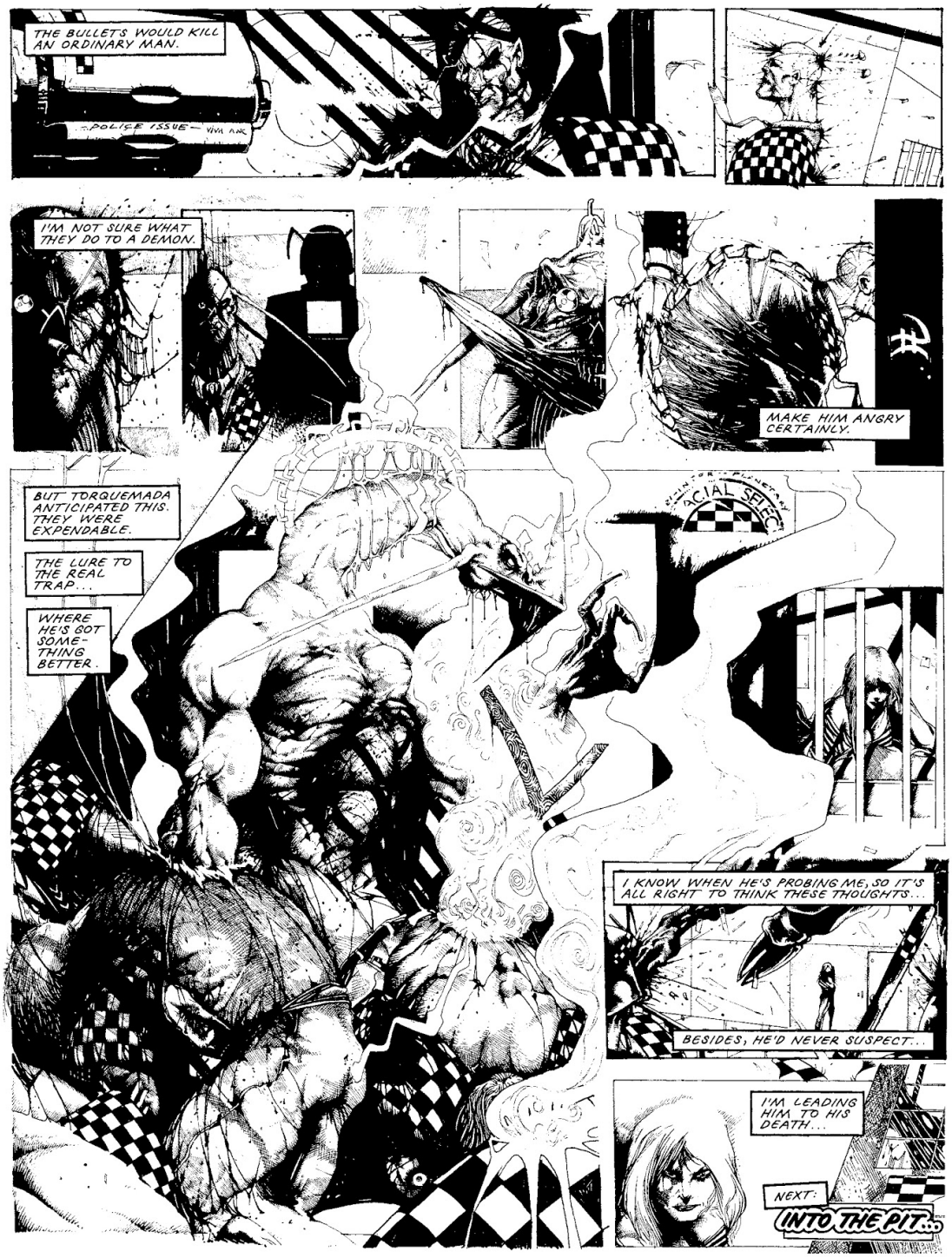
BUT I FEEL LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY ALREADY, JENNIFER. DID YOU KNOW THEY'RE STAYING AT ONE OF MY BED AND BREAKFASTS..?
THERE'S MUM WHO WORRIES ABOUT TWO TEENAGE GIRLS SHARING A FLAT... DAD— EVER OPTIMISTIC—HOPING TO GET A JOB... BROTHER BILLY WHO'S GOING THROUGH RATHER A BAD PATCH... YOUR SISTER TINA WHO'S DOING VERY WELL AT SCHOOL... AND YOUR NANA. I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE VERY CLOSE TO YOUR NANA.
YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO YOUR FAMILY, WOULD YOU, JENNIFER? ESPECIALLY YOUR NANA. THOSE STAIRS TO THE CELLAR ARE VERY RICKETTY...
HE ENTERS THE CELL BLOCK.
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE HE'S NOT THE REAL ONE, BUT I'VE KNOWN HIM ALL THESE YEARS...
SO WELL...
I GIVE THE SIGNAL TO THE GUARDS...
THEY CHECK ON A VID-COM THEIR LEADER'S ELSEWHERE.
THAT I'M NOT DOUBLE-CROSSING THEM.
POLICE
I'VE PROVED I'M ON TORQUEMADA'S SIDE.


THE BULLETS WOULD KILL AN ORDINARY MAN.
POLICE ISSUE — VIVA AMC
I'M NOT SURE WHAT THEY DO TO A DEMON.
MAKE HIM ANGRY CERTAINLY.
BUT TORQUEMADA ANTICIPATED THIS. THEY WERE EXPENDABLE.
THE LURE TO THE REAL TRAP...
WHERE HE'S GOT SOME-THING BETTER.
I KNOW WHEN HE'S PROBING ME, SO IT'S ALL RIGHT TO THINK THESE THOUGHTS...
BESIDES, HE'D NEVER SUSPECT...
I'M LEADING HIM TO HIS DEATH...
NEXT:
INTO THE PIT...

Nemesis
in DEATHBRINGER
BOOK NINE
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
HE TOLD ME TO PACK A FEW THINGS AND MEET HIM AT THE STATION ...WHERE HE'LL BE WAITING TO TAKE ME BACK TO TERMIGHT...
I'VE TOLD NEMESIS HE'LL BE AT THE STATION...HE'LL BE ABLE TO KILL HIM—BEFORE HE ESCAPES TO TERMIGHT...
STUART DID NOTHING... JUST STOOD THERE AND LET HIM BLACKMAIL ME...
WHAT DID I EVER SEE IN HIM?
IT'S STILL A GAME TO HIM—EVEN THOUGH IT'S COST HIM HIS SON.
WHY DID I EVER TRUST A DEMON?

I SHOULD HAVE REALISED HE WAS A — WHEN HE FIRST CHATTED ME UP IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY. HE SAID... 'WHAT BOOK ARE YOU AFTER? I'VE PROBABLY GOT THE INFORMATION YOU NEED.'
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE WAS EVIL WHEN HE FIRST APPEARED TO ME. WHAT HE WANTED ME TO DO...
HE'S GOT NO SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY... WHEN BIG MARY TOLD HIM THE REAL REASON SHE WAS SO UPSET, HE JUST LAUGHED AND SAID... 'OH, GOOD. I'VE CREATED SOMETHING.'
HE'S TOTALLY IRRESPONSIBLE... DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT SAVING EARTH... NEVER HAS.
HE THINKS LIFE IS ONE BIG JOKE.
HE THINKS HUMANS ARE ONE BIG JOKE.
NORTHERN LINE
A0 CIRCLE
MAIN LINE SOUTH

AT THE STATION, I SHOW HIM THE PLACE WHERE TORQUEMADA IS BLASTING HIS WAY BACK INTO THE TIME WASTES, USING POWER DRAINED FROM THE NATIONAL GRID...
PLATFOR
I LET HIM GO AHEAD...
AND HE FINDS HIMSELF...
...ON THE RECEIVING END OF IT.

WELCOME, WARLOCK, TO YOUR DENOUEMENT! THAT BLAST WAS JUST SUFFICIENT TO IMMOBILISE YOU... I THINK I'M ENTITLED TO A FEW MOMENTS' GLOATING BEFORE I FINALLY SEND YOU TO OBLIVION!
PURITY! YOU—?
YES, THAT WAS THE BEST OF IT! YOUR MOST TRUSTED LIEUTENANT HAS, AT LAST, SEEN THE LIGHT! A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING!
I REMEMBER EVERYTHING, NEMESIS...
EVERYTHING?
ALL I CARE TO REMEMBER.
OH, YES, SQUALID AND SLATTERNLY ARE THE WAYS OF THE SATYR! ONLY BE HEEDING MY WORDS, CAN HUMANITY BE SAVED FROM THE SLIPPERY SLOPE THAT LEADS TO THE SINK OF INIQUITY!
I CAN'T SAY IT OFTEN ENOUGH!
BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!

YOU HYPOCRITICAL PIECE OF
R.S.
POLICE
ISSUE
PURITY... NO...
NO. NOT UP HERE. DOWN IN THE PIT WITH THE OTHER ONE
WHERE YOU BELONG!
TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!
NEXT: KETCHUPAGOGO

Nemesis
in DEATHBRINGER
BOOK NINE
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
PLAIN SOUTHBOUND
YOU REALLY THOUGHT I'D SIDE WITH YOU? A MASS MURDERER?
SHEEP EXPECT TO BE SHEARED! YOU SAW REALITY BREAKING DOWN! BECAUSE OF THE FOUL FRUIT OF HIS LOINS!
EARTH WILL RETURN TO... 'NORMAL', PURITY. AND REMEMBER THIS— HUMANS CREATED THE BLACK HOLE. NOT MY SON.
LISTEN TO ME, PURITY! ONE MORE WAR! ONE MORE SACRIFICE! AND I SHALL FINALLY DEFEAT THE ALIEN! EVEN NOW MY VICTORY WEAPONS ARE BEING PREPARED THAT WILL GIVE ME ULTIMATE VICTORY!
MY SECRET ORGANISATION— CREDO— IS AT LAST READY TO OVERTHROW TORQUEMADA'S TYRANNY...
NAT GRID POWER
POWER
ALIENS WANTING TO TAKE OVER THE GALAXY... MYSTERIOUS FREEDOM FIGHTERS TRYING TO SAVE IT...
YOU'RE BOTH FULL OF ——!
OH, YOU MAY MOCK! BUT WITHOUT ME, EARTH IS UP THAT VERY CREEK WITHOUT A PADDLE! ONLY I STAND FOR ORDER! AND DISCIPLINE!
ESPECIALLY DISCIPLINE!

BASICALLY I STAND FOR HAVING A GOOD TIME...
NEITHER OF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO OFFER EARTH...
YOU'RE BOTH DEATH-BRINGERS.
AH! GOOD AND FAITHFUL BROTHER MIKRON! LATER FOR YOU, PURITY! WHEN I SHALL PERSONALLY ...ADMONISH YOU.
SORRY I'M LATE, GRAND MASTER. I GOT HELD UP AT THE GARDEN CENTRE, YOU SEE...
YES, YES, NEVER MIND ALL THAT. THROW ME DOWN CHERYL'S REPLACE-MENT!

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NOW, WARLOCK! LORD OF THE FLIES! IT'S DOGMEAT TIME! IT'S KETCHUPAGOGO AS YOU FACE DEATH BY THE...
...HEDGE-TRIMMER?!
THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU, GRAND MASTER. APPARENTLY THERE'S A BIG DEMAND FOR CHAIN SAWS, THESE DAYS. THAT'S ALL THEY HAD.
AND SO BATTLE IS JOINED BETWEEN NEMESIS WITH THE SWORD SINISTER...
...AND TORQUEMADA WITH THE HEDGETRIMMER.
BUT NEMESIS HAS BEEN DEVASTATED BY HALF THE POWER FROM THE NATIONAL GRID...
AND TORQUEMADA SERIOUSLY WOUNDED BY PURITY...

SO THE FIGHT RAPIDLY DEGENERATES INTO...
A CRAWL FIGHT...

WITH NEITHER HAVING SUFFICIENT STRENGTH...
...TO DESPATCH THE OTHER.
JUST ENOUGH TO INFLICT FURTHER, GRIEVOUS WOUNDS...
HEE HEE!
MEANWHILE...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TERMIGHT'S LIKE...BUT IF IT'S WHERE TORQUEMADA LIVES IT'S GOING TO BE PRETTY BAD...
HE SAID IT NEVER RAINS THERE, SO AT LEAST I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MY HAIR, YEAH?
STUART USED TO SAY WHEN THINGS GOT REALLY BAD FOR HIM, HE'D GO INTO A CORNER WITH NO CLOTHES ON AND STAND ON HIS HEAD...
HE SAID IT MADE HIM FEEL BETTER...

TORQUEMADA!
RRRAAUUGGHH!
OH, JEEZ! WHERE'S THE NEAREST CORNER?
NEXT: JENNY'S CHOICE!

Nemesis
in DEATHBRINGER
BOOK NINE
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: JOHN HICKLENTON
LTG: STEVE POTTER
I DON'T THINK I CAN HANDLE THIS.
GRAND MASTER! QUICKLY! CATCH!
AH! GOOD AND FAITHFUL BROTHER MIKRON! AS ALWAYS, THERE TO GIVE ME SUCCOUR!
Sons of Spock
GIVE ME THE GUN, JENNIFER.
GIVE IT TO ME, JENNY...
QUICKLY, JENNY... YOU KNOW WHAT TORQUEMADA'S LIKE... WHAT HE'D DO TO YOUR FAMILY...
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM WITH THE HORNS AND THE HOOVES, JENNIFER! YOU'RE HUMAN LIKE ME! IN THE END — WE STICK TO OUR OWN KIND!

THE DEMENTED...
OR THE DEMONIC...
IT WAS JENNY'S CHOICE.
GIVE ME THE GUN, JENNY.
WE DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO EITHER OF THEM ANYMORE.
BUT HE TOLD ME WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO MY NANA... HORRIBLE, RUDE THINGS... HE SAID SHE'D HAD HER LAST BLUE RINSE IF...
HE WON'T HARM HER NOW, JENNY...
BECAUSE I'M GOING TO KILL THE SONOFA...
NOW RUN, JENNY! RUN! AND DON'T LOOK BACK!
RIGHT, TORQUEMADA! YOU DASTARD!
A BOON, GRAND MASTER! GRANT ME A BOON!

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THIS IS NO TIME FOR BOONS, BROTHER MIKRON! HER NEXT SHOT COULD SEND ME TO OBLIVION!
TERMIGHT COULD NOT SURVIVE SUCH A LOSS! PERMIT ME TO DIE IN YOUR PLACE!
VERY WELL, BROTHER MIKRON... I GRANT YOU THAT GREAT HONOUR...
THEN I DIE HAPPY IN THE KNOWLEDGE I HAVE PLEASED YOU IN DEATH AS IN LIFE... AAAUUGGH!
NEXT MOMENT THE GRAND MASTER IS LOST TO SIGHT IN THE RUSH-HOUR CROWD...
DAMN!
BUT THAT STILL LEAVES YOU, NEMESIS...
AND THEN HOW WOULD YOU GET BACK TO TERMIGHT? ONLY I CAN SAFELY RETURN YOU TO YOUR OWN ERA...
SHORTLY AFTER... TORQUEMADA'S AUTO DA FE HEADS BACK THROUGH THE TIME WASTES TO TERMIGHT...

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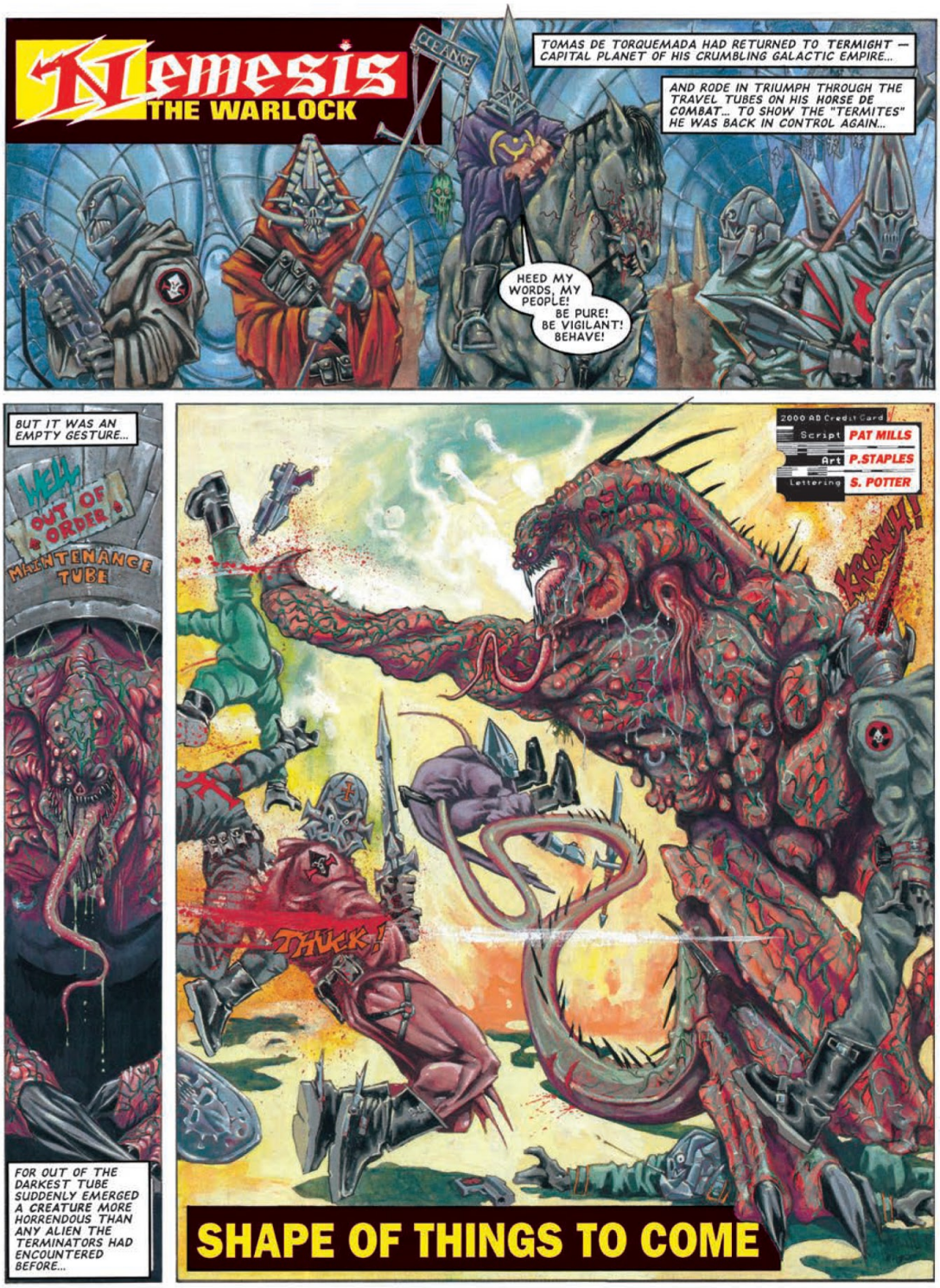
OHHH! SUCH GRIEVOUS WOUNDS YOU MUST HAVE RECEIVED, GRAND MASTER...
NOT *QUITE* AS GRIEVOUS AS YOU MIGHT THINK, BROTHER...
I HAVE NOTICED FOR SOME TIME A PREDILECTION AMONGST MY OPPONENTS TO ATTACK ME IN A PARTICULARLY LOATHSOME MANNER, SO I ALWAYS WEAR A METAL GUARD TO PROTECT THE FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE... SOON I SHALL RETURN, FIT AND *EAGER*, TO LEAD MY PEOPLE IN THE GREAT STRUGGLE AGAINST THE HOWLING HORDES OF DEVIANTS!

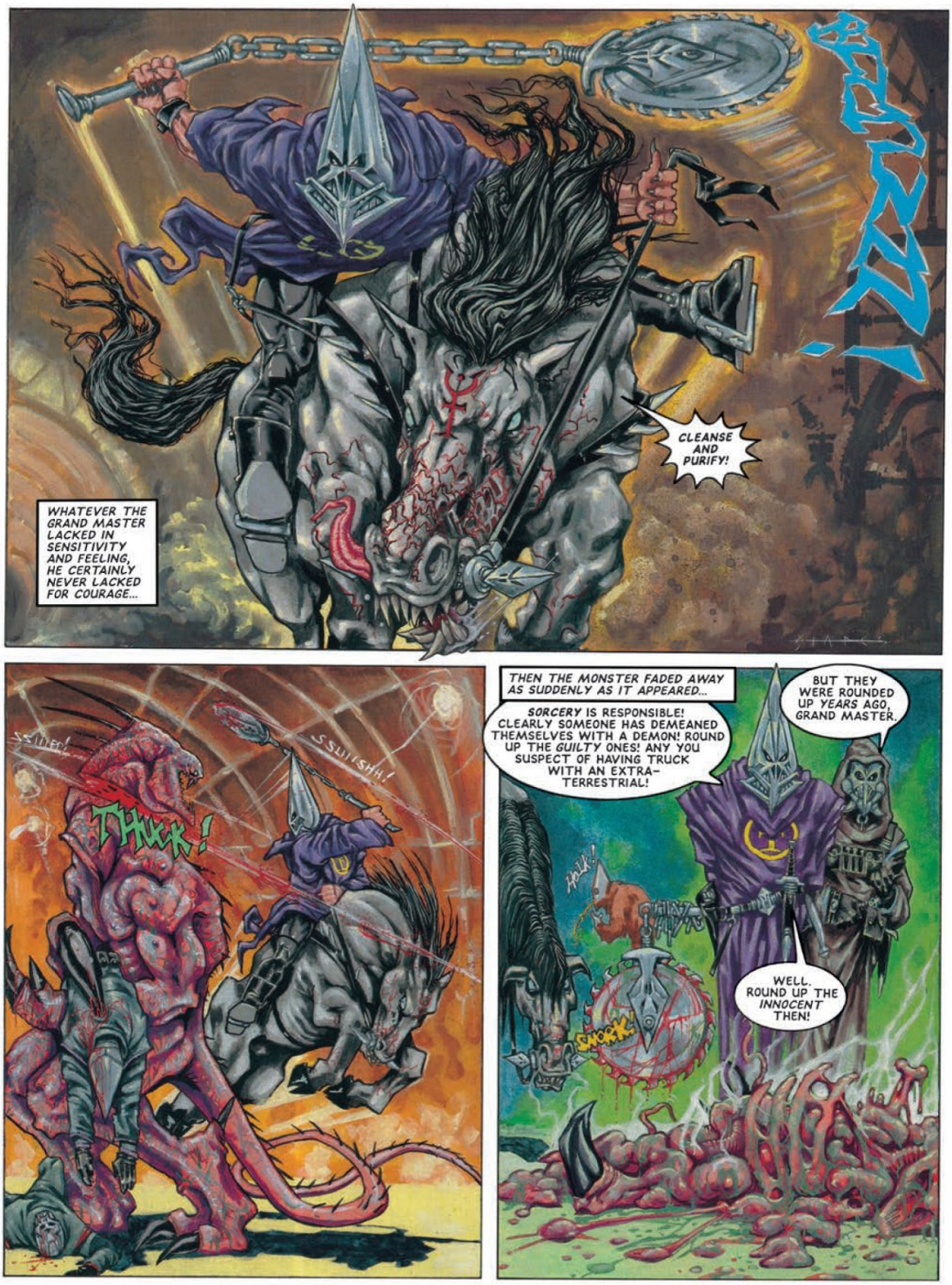
THE BLITZSPEAR, TOO, RETURNS TO TERMIGHT...
PURITY! LISTEN TO ME... I CAN STILL HELP HUMANS... WITH MY SUPER-POWERS...
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE. THIS TIME WE FIND OUR OWN WAY.
THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN OUR TROUBLE... WE LOOK FOR MIRACLES ...FOR SUPER HEROES AND SAVIOURS...
BUT IN THE END...
WE HAVE TO SAVE OUR-SELVES.
FROM NOW ON, THERE'S JUST US AND THE EARTH.
IN THE PAST WE PUT OUR TRUST IN GODS AND DEMONS— UNTIL THEY BECAME SO POWERFUL THEY ENSLAVED US... AND IN RETURN THEY GAVE US...
EMPTY PROMISES.
THE END OF BOOK NINE
- HICKLENTON - X

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Paul Staples
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 824


Nemesis
THE WARLOCK
CLEANSE
TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA HAD RETURNED TO TERMIGHT — CAPITAL PLANET OF HIS CRUMBLING GALACTIC EMPIRE...
AND RODE IN TRIUMPH THROUGH THE TRAVEL TUBES ON HIS HORSE DE COMBAT... TO SHOW THE "TERMITES" HE WAS BACK IN CONTROL AGAIN...
HEED MY WORDS, MY PEOPLE! BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!
BUT IT WAS AN EMPTY GESTURE...
WELL OUT OF ORDER
MAINTENANCE TUBE
FOR OUT OF THE DARKEST TUBE SUDDENLY EMERGED A CREATURE MORE HORRENDOUS THAN ANY ALIEN THE TERMINATORS HAD ENCOUNTERED BEFORE...
2000 AD Credit Card
Script PAT MILLS
Art P.STAPLES
Lettering S. POTTER
KRONCH!
THUCK!
SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME


WHATEVER THE GRAND MASTER LACKED IN SENSITIVITY AND FEELING, HE CERTAINLY NEVER LACKED FOR COURAGE...
CLEANSE AND PURIFY!
SLLIIIIIICE!
SSLLIISHH!
THWACK!
THEN THE MONSTER FADED AWAY AS SUDDENLY AS IT APPEARED...
SORCERY IS RESPONSIBLE! CLEARLY SOMEONE HAS DEMEANED THEMSELVES WITH A DEMON! ROUND UP THE GUILTY ONES! ANY YOU SUSPECT OF HAVING TRUCK WITH AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL!
BUT THEY WERE ROUNDED UP YEARS AGO, GRAND MASTER.
HALK!
SHORK!
WELL. ROUND UP THE INNOCENT THEN!

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TORQUEMADA PERSONALLY LED THE INTERROGATIONS...
PLEASE... I KNOW NOTHING... YOU MUST BELIEVE ME, GRAND MASTER...
THEN FEEL HONOURED THAT I HAVE CHOSEN YOU TO BE PUT TO THE TEST...
SNICK!
SPROING
CLACK!
CLACK!
CHING!
RONKO PURGEOMATIC
BUT NO LIGHT WAS SHED ON THE MYSTERY... SO TOMAS CALLED FOR BROTHER BERTOLD, KEEPER OF HIS PRIVATE BESTIARY...
(A COLLECTION OF ALIENS SO FOUL, THAT JUST ONE LOOK AT THEM COULD MAKE YOU GO BLIND).
GRAND MASTER... MAY... MAY I KISS THE HEM OF YOUR ROBE..?
LATER.
FIRST I WOULD KNOW IF THE LOATHESOME VISAGE OF THIS CREATURE IS TO BE FOUND IN MY SECRET BESTIARY?

ALAS, THERE IS NO RECORD OF SUCH A MONSTER, GRAND MASTER...
BUT SAMPLES TAKEN FROM YOUR CHAIN-MACE SUGGEST IT WAS *ECTOPLASMIC* IN NATURE...
...AND DREW ON *THIS PLANET'S ENERGY* TO GROW INTO ITS UNSPEAKABLE FORM.
I DO NOT UNDER-STAND.
THEN PERHAPS I CAN ENLIGHTEN YOU, TORQUEMADA!
THE WARLOCK!
SEIZE HIM!
SHUK! SHUK!
SLUUISSH!

AS I WAS SAYING...
I HAVE SURROUNDED TERMIGHT WITH A PSYCHIC SHEATH... SO ALL ITS EVIL IS REFLECTED BACK ONTO THE PLANET...
SO THE MONSTER WAS FORMED FROM THE FEAR... PAIN... AND HATE *YOU* CREATED!
IT IS JUST ONE OF THE SHAPES OF THINGS TO COME!
SLISHHHH!
OH, DEVIOUS IS THE MIND OF THE DEVIANT! BUT I SHALL DESTROY YOU YET...
CHANG!
KUTAKUTAKUTA!
...JUST AS I DESTROYED *THOTH!*
THE FOUL FRUIT OF YOUR BEAK!
WHAP!

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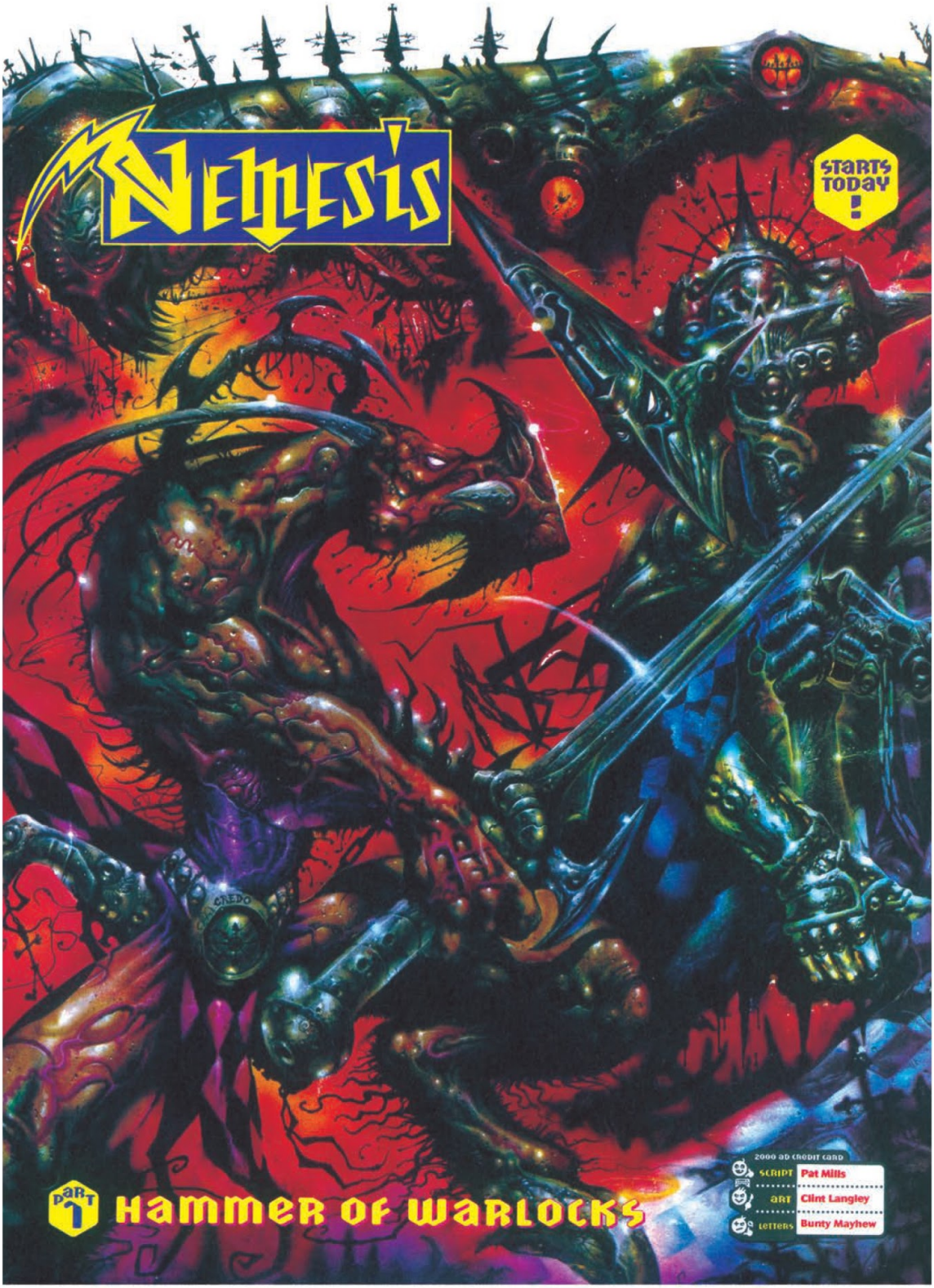
KRUNCH!
SHINK!
AAAAAGH!
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF TORQUEMADA IS COMING, GRAND MASTER..!
BUT NOT YET... FOR THE MOMENT MUST BE SAVOURED...
KKKPP!
AND ULTIMATELY, IT IS NOT THE ALIEN YOU WILL HAVE TO FACE... BUT AN OPPONENT A THOUSAND TIMES MORE BESTIAL...
YOUR TRUE NEMESIS...
YOURSELF.

HAMMER OF THE WARLOCKS

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Clint Langley
Illumination: Bunty Mayhew & Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 901-903



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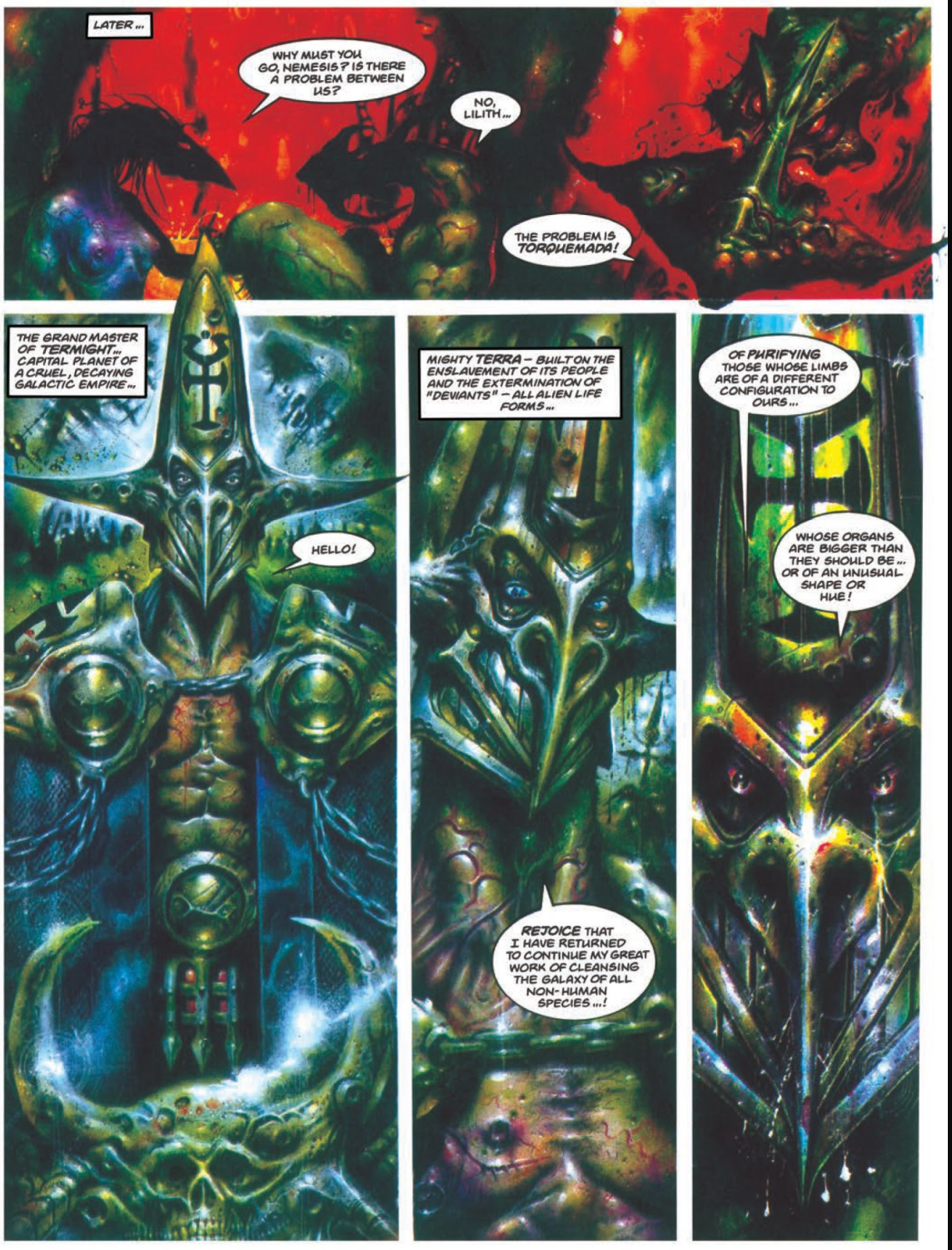
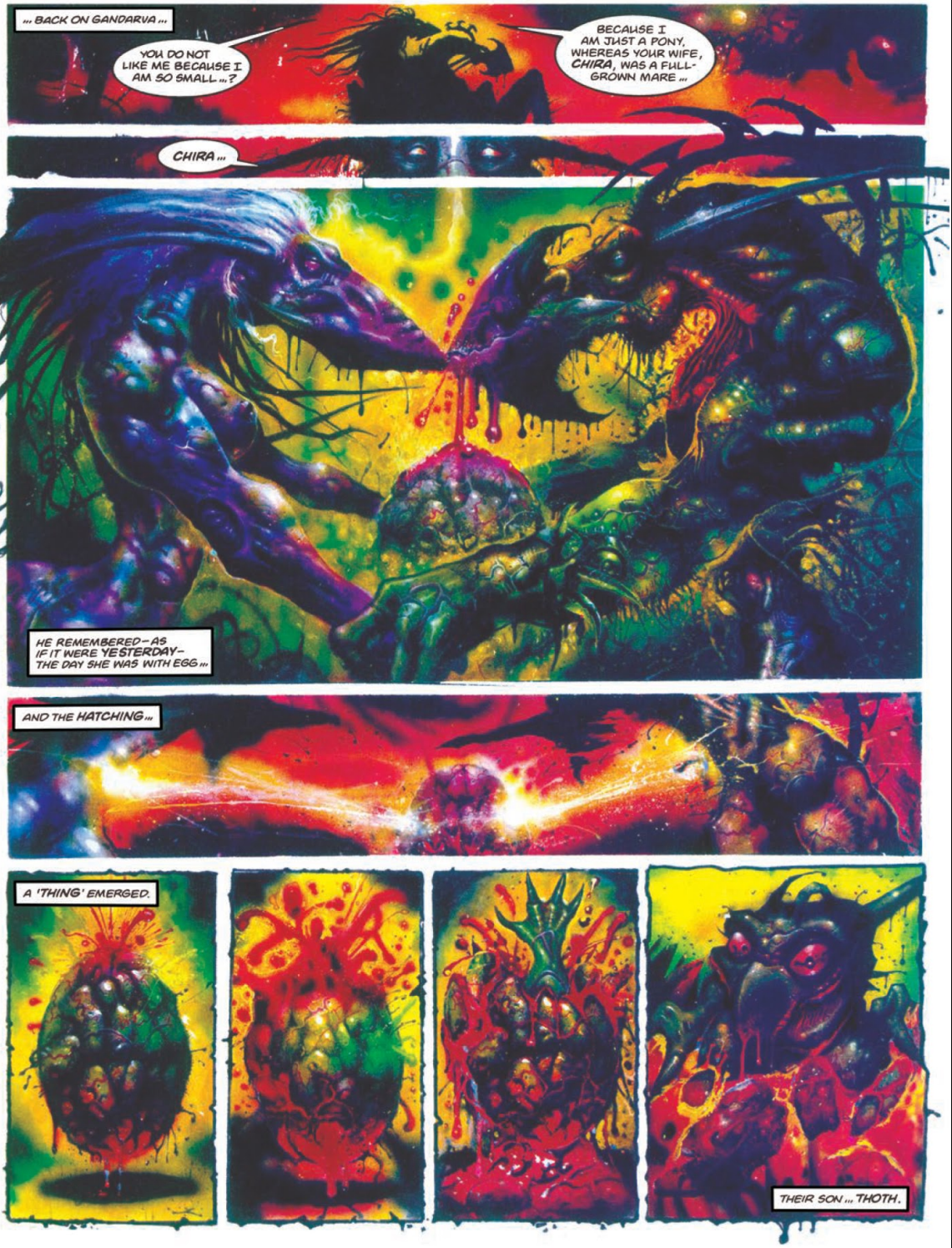
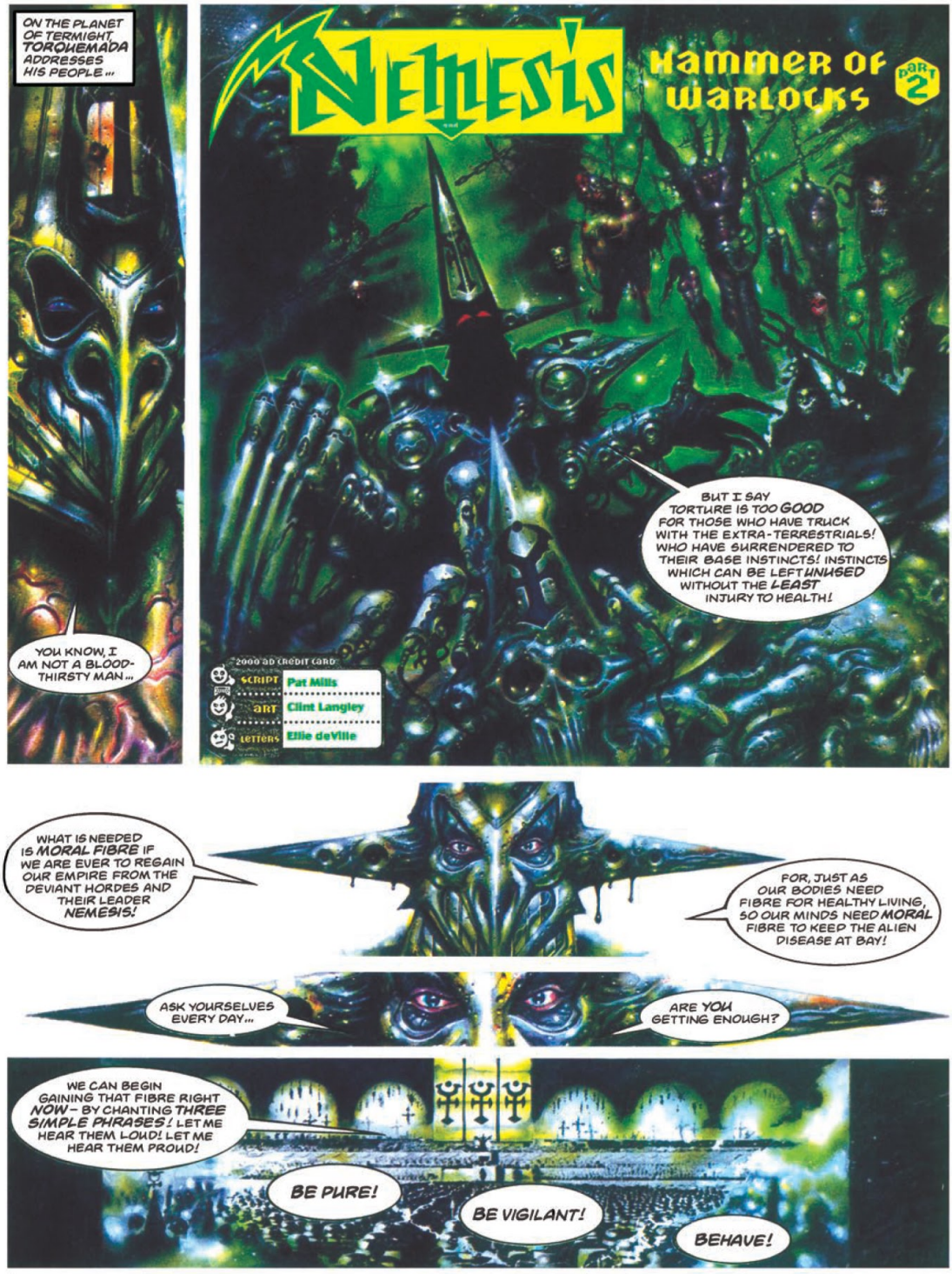
ON THE VOLCANIC ALIEN PLANET OF GANDARVA, NEMESIS IS OUT RIDING...
WITH LILITH, A YOUNG FEMALE WARLOCK, WHO HAS PLACED HIM UNDER HER SPELL...
SO THAT, EVEN AS HE CALLS OUT...
NO! NO! I MUST RETURN TO TERMIGHT!
...HE FINDS HIMSELF URGING HER TO THE GALLOP.
AND, EVEN AS HE INSISTS...
I SHOULD BE LEAVING, LITTLE ONE. I HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS WITH TORQUEMADA!
...HE SPURS HER ONWARDS TO THE LAVA POOLS.
AND AS HE PROTESTS...
OTHER DEMONS MAY BE HAPPY SIMPLY TO SWIM IN THE SULPHUR ALL DAY, BUT... I'M NOT THAT KIND OF WARLOCK.
...HE FINDS HIMSELF REMOVING HER HARNESS.
FOR THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS ALWAYS MORE POWERFUL THAN THE MALE.

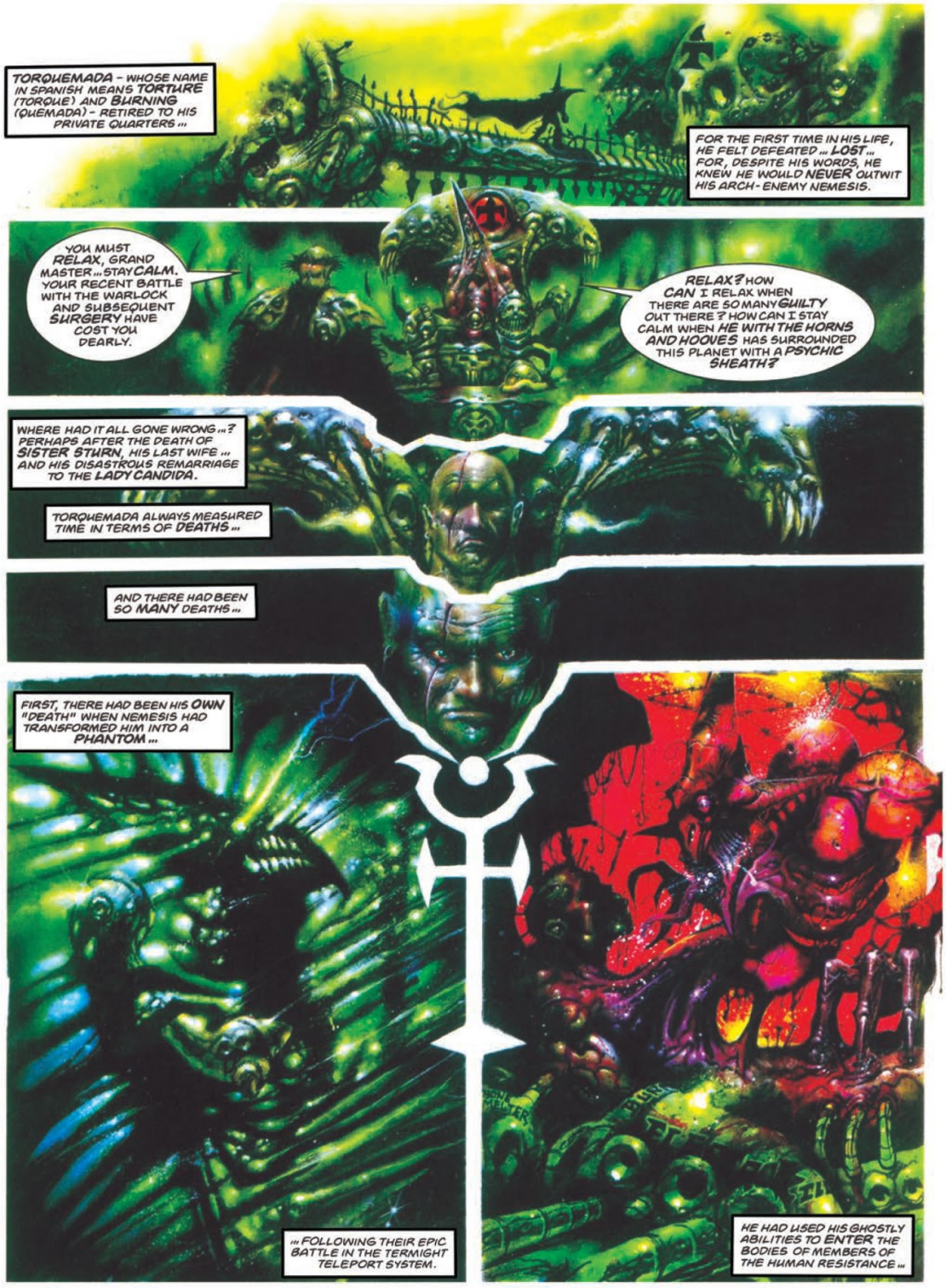

LATER...
WHY MUST YOU GO, NEMESIS? IS THERE A PROBLEM BETWEEN US?
NO, LILITH...
THE PROBLEM IS TORQUEMADA!
THE GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT... CAPITAL PLANET OF A CRUEL, DECAYING GALACTIC EMPIRE...
HELLO!
MIGHTY TERRA – BUILT ON THE ENSLAVEMENT OF ITS PEOPLE AND THE EXTERMINATION OF "DEVIANTS" – ALL ALIEN LIFE FORMS...
REJOICE THAT I HAVE RETURNED TO CONTINUE MY GREAT WORK OF CLEANSING THE GALAXY OF ALL NON-HUMAN SPECIES...!
OF PURIFYING THOSE WHOSE LIMBS ARE OF A DIFFERENT CONFIGURATION TO OURS...
WHOSE ORGANS ARE BIGGER THAN THEY SHOULD BE... OR OF AN UNUSUAL SHAPE OR HUE!

THE WORLD IS, IN FACT, EARTH, THOUSANDS OF YEARS FROM NOW— HOLLOWED OUT INTO AN AMAZING NETWORK OF TRAVEL TUBES AND UNDERGROUND CITIES...
DEATH TO THE DEVIANTS!
ONLY BY WIPING THEM OUT CAN WE FINALLY BE SAFE ... ONLY BY NAMING THEM ENEMY CAN WE BE UNITED... ONLY THROUGH THEIR DEVIATIONS CAN WE DEFINE THE NORM AND BE TRULY HUMAN!
ALAS! THERE ARE THOSE AMONGST YOU WHO BELIEVE WE SHOULD BEFRIEND THESE FREAKS... HAVE TRUCK WITH EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS... DEMEAN OURSELVES WITH DEMONS!
AND IN PARTICULAR— CONSORT WITH THEIR LEADER... NEMESIS THE WARLOCK!
CURSE YOU, TORQUEMADA! WE'LL KEEP ON TRUCKING! AND ONE DAY WE'LL WIN!
AND THAT IS WHY WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY... THAT WE MAY WITNESS THE IMMOLATION OF THESE MISGUIDED SOULS WHO SUCCUMBED TO THE SUCCUBI!
IT GRIEVES ME TO PUNISH THEM — BUT NOT TOO MUCH!
MAYHEM
CLICK!
AS THE FLAMES CLEANSE THEM OF THEIR SINS, LET ME HEAR THOSE THREE SIMPLE COMMANDS, WHICH THEY IGNORED TO THEIR COST...
I'M NOT GOING TO SAY THEM. YOU KNOW THEM WELL ENOUGH BY NOW...
BE PURE!
BE VIGILANT!
BEHAVE!


... BACK ON GANDARVA ...
YOU DO NOT LIKE ME BECAUSE I AM SO SMALL ...?
BECAUSE I AM JUST A PONY, WHEREAS YOUR WIFE, CHIRA, WAS A FULL-GROWN MARE ...
CHIRA ...
HE REMEMBERED – AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY – THE DAY SHE WAS WITH EGG ...
AND THE HATCHING ...
A 'THING' EMERGED.
THEIR SON ... THOTH.

BUT TORQUEMADA SENT A CRACK SQUAD OF HIS TERMINATORS TO GANDARVA.
THEY ASSASSINATED CHIRA...
FOR TORQUEMADA AND TERRA!
WOE TO THE DEVIANT! LET THE FORCES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS PREVAIL!
BETH-CLINT '94
SHE HAD SACRIFICED HER LIFE SO HER SON MIGHT LIVE...
ALL HER MYSTIC FORCE WAS TRANSFERRED TO THOTH. HIS POWERS WOULD BE EVEN GREATER THAN HIS FATHER'S...
GARK!
THOTH EXACTED A TERRIBLE REVENGE, ALMOST DESTROYING TERMIGHT WHEN HE DESTABILISED THE BLACK HOLE BYPASS...
AN ARTIFICIAL BLACK HOLE, THROUGH WHICH HUMANS CONTROLLED THE GALAXY.
BUT TORQUEMADA FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM...
DIE, YOU LITTLE BASTARD!
NEMESIS HAD BEEN UNABLE TO SAVE CHIRA, OR THOTH. IN THEIR HONOUR, HE HAD TO END HIS EPIC FEUD — WITH TORQUEMADA'S DESTRUCTION.
WHY MUST YOU GO, NEMESIS?
BECAUSE IT'S TIME, LILITH. TIME TO RAISE THE CURTAIN ON THE LAST ACT... THE FINAL CONFLICT!


ON THE PLANET OF TERMIGHT TORQUEMADA ADDRESSES HIS PEOPLE...
YOU KNOW, I AM NOT A BLOOD-THIRSTY MAN...
NEMESIS
Hammer of Warlocks
PART 2
BUT I SAY TORTURE IS TOO GOOD FOR THOSE WHO HAVE TRUCK WITH THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS! WHO HAVE SURRENDERED TO THEIR BASE INSTINCTS! INSTINCTS WHICH CAN BE LEFT UNUSED WITHOUT THE LEAST INJURY TO HEALTH!
2000 AD CREDIT CARD
SCRIPT Pat Mills
ART Clint Langley
LETTERS Ellie deVille
WHAT IS NEEDED IS MORAL FIBRE IF WE ARE EVER TO REGAIN OUR EMPIRE FROM THE DEVIANT HORDES AND THEIR LEADER NEMESIS!
FOR, JUST AS OUR BODIES NEED FIBRE FOR HEALTHY LIVING, SO OUR MINDS NEED MORAL FIBRE TO KEEP THE ALIEN DISEASE AT BAY!
ASK YOURSELVES EVERY DAY...
ARE YOU GETTING ENOUGH?
WE CAN BEGIN GAINING THAT FIBRE RIGHT NOW – BY CHANTING THREE SIMPLE PHRASES! LET ME HEAR THEM LOUD! LET ME HEAR THEM PROUD!
BE PURE!
BE VIGILANT!
BEHAVE!


TORQUEMADA – WHOSE NAME IN SPANISH MEANS TORTURE (TORQUE) AND BURNING (QUEMADA) – RETIRED TO HIS PRIVATE QUARTERS ...
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE FELT DEFEATED ... LOST ... FOR, DESPITE HIS WORDS, HE KNEW HE WOULD NEVER OUTWIT HIS ARCH-ENEMY NEMESIS.
YOU MUST RELAX, GRAND MASTER ... STAY CALM. YOUR RECENT BATTLE WITH THE WARLOCK AND SUBSEQUENT SURGERY HAVE COST YOU DEARLY.
RELAX? HOW CAN I RELAX WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY GUILTY OUT THERE? HOW CAN I STAY CALM WHEN HE WITH THE HORNS AND HOOVES HAS SURROUNDED THIS PLANET WITH A PSYCHIC SHEATH?
WHERE HAD IT ALL GONE WRONG ...? PERHAPS AFTER THE DEATH OF SISTER STURN, HIS LAST WIFE ... AND HIS DISASTROUS REMARRIAGE TO THE LADY CANDIDA.
TORQUEMADA ALWAYS MEASURED TIME IN TERMS OF DEATHS ...
AND THERE HAD BEEN SO MANY DEATHS ...
FIRST, THERE HAD BEEN HIS OWN "DEATH" WHEN NEMESIS HAD TRANSFORMED HIM INTO A PHANTOM ...
... FOLLOWING THEIR EPIC BATTLE IN THE TERMIGHT TELEPORT SYSTEM.
HE HAD USED HIS GHOSTLY ABILITIES TO ENTER THE BODIES OF MEMBERS OF THE HUMAN RESISTANCE ...

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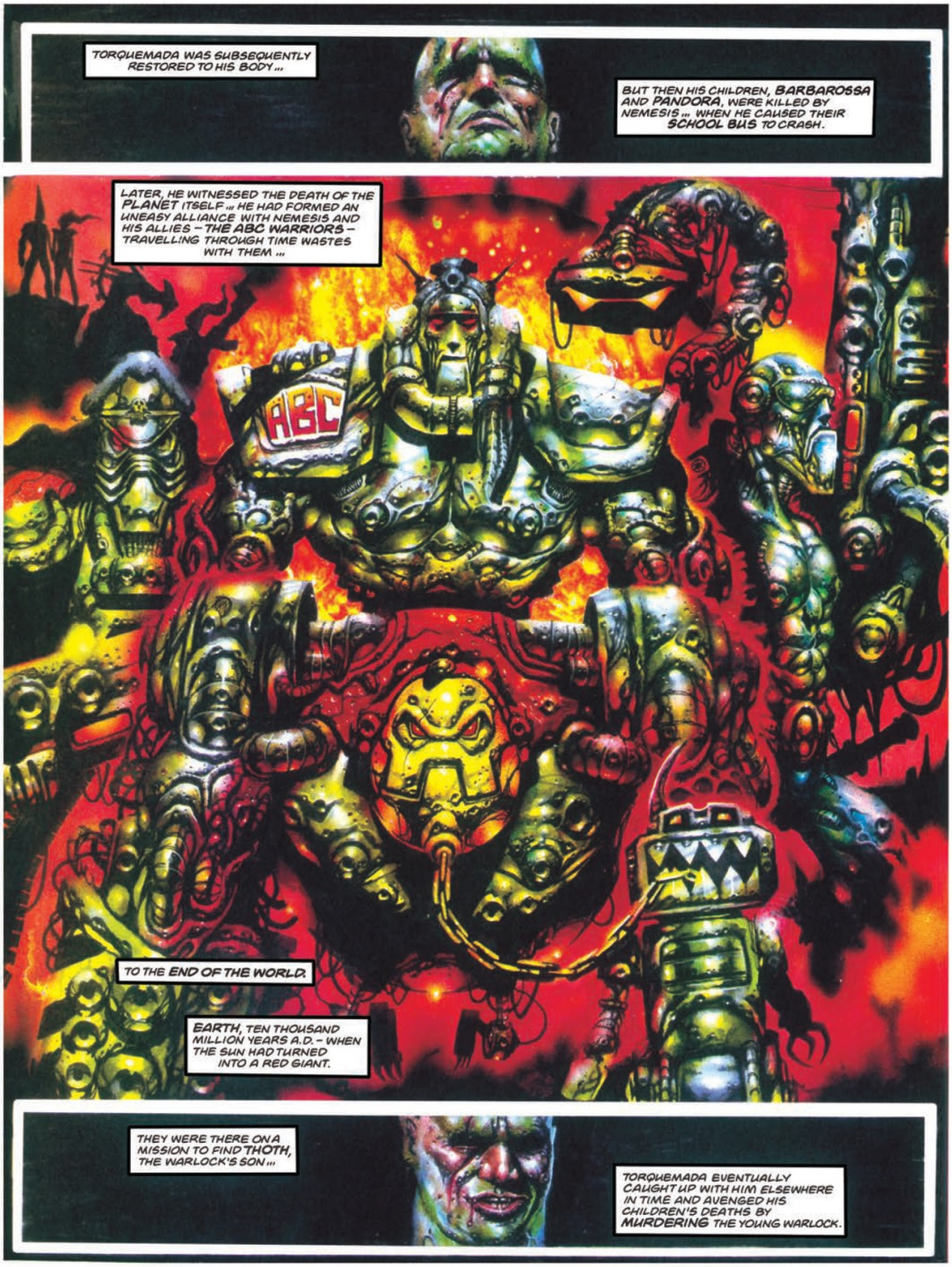
... AND MASQUERADE AS A "FREEDOM FIGHTER".
GOOGLY, IT'S ME THEY'RE REALLY AFTER, BECAUSE I'VE MET NEMESIS! WHY DON'T WE SPLIT UP, AND—
CAN'T LEAVE YOU, PURITY! WE GOTTA MAKE SANCTUARY TOGETHER!
'GOOGLY' AND 'PURITY BROWN', THE RESISTANCE LEADER, HAD FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH THE NIGHTMARE CITIES OF MAUSOLEUM AND NECROPOLIS BUILT DEEP WITHIN TERMIGHT...
BUT ON REACHING THE REBELS' HIDE-OUT...
GOOGLY...! WHAT'S WRONG?
HE LOOKS AWFUL! HE'S ILL!
HE'S DEAD!
TORQUEMADA!
GOOGLY DIED TWO DAYS AGO, UNDER TORTURE! SINCE THEN, I HAVE USED HIS BODY TO DISCOVER "SANCTUARY"! THE NEST OF HUMAN TRAITORS WHO AID THE EVIL NEMESIS!
KRAK
SOYUZ 94


TORQUEMADA WAS SUBSEQUENTLY RESTORED TO HIS BODY...
BUT THEN HIS CHILDREN, BARBAROSSA AND PANDORA, WERE KILLED BY NEMESIS ... WHEN HE CAUSED THEIR SCHOOL BUS TO CRASH.
LATER, HE WITNESSED THE DEATH OF THE PLANET ITSELF ... HE HAD FORMED AN UNEASY ALLIANCE WITH NEMESIS AND HIS ALLIES – THE ABC WARRIORS – TRAVELLING THROUGH TIME WASTES WITH THEM ...
ABC
TO THE END OF THE WORLD.
EARTH, TEN THOUSAND MILLION YEARS A.D. – WHEN THE SUN HAD TURNED INTO A RED GIANT.
THEY WERE THERE ON A MISSION TO FIND THOTH, THE WARLOCK'S SON ...
TORQUEMADA EVENTUALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM ELSEWHERE IN TIME AND AVENGED HIS CHILDREN'S DEATHS BY MURDERING THE YOUNG WARLOCK.

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AFTERWARDS HAD COME THE "LIVING DEATH" OF HIS WIFE, CANDIDA ... WHO WENT COMPLETELY INSANE AS A RESULT OF HER TREATMENT AT THE HANDS OF THE GRAND MASTER.
NEMESIS HAD CURED HER, FREEING HER FROM HER HUSBAND'S EVIL INFLUENCE.
SHE HAD PRETENDED TO REMARRY HIM ... ONLY TO HUMILIATE HIM IN FRONT OF ALL TERMIGHT.
I SWEAR NEVER, EVER, EVER TO GET INVOLVED WITH ANOTHER SICK, NASTY PIECE OF WORK LIKE YOU ...
A CHEAT, A LIAR, A DISGUSTING, DECAYING DEGENERATE ... A GENOCIDAL MURDERER ... AN ARROGANT, SELF-RIGHTEOUS, POMPOUS BAG OF WIND ...
A FUN-KILLING, BAD LOSER ... AND, BABY, HAVE YOU LOST!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, CANDIDA. IS SOMETHING AMISS?
SHE HAD LEFT HIM AT THE ALTAR ... RUNNING OFF WITH NEMESIS IN HIS BLITZSPEAR TO BEGIN A NEW LIFE ...
NO!
JUST MARRIED
... AND A PART OF TORQUEMADA HAD DIED THAT DAY.

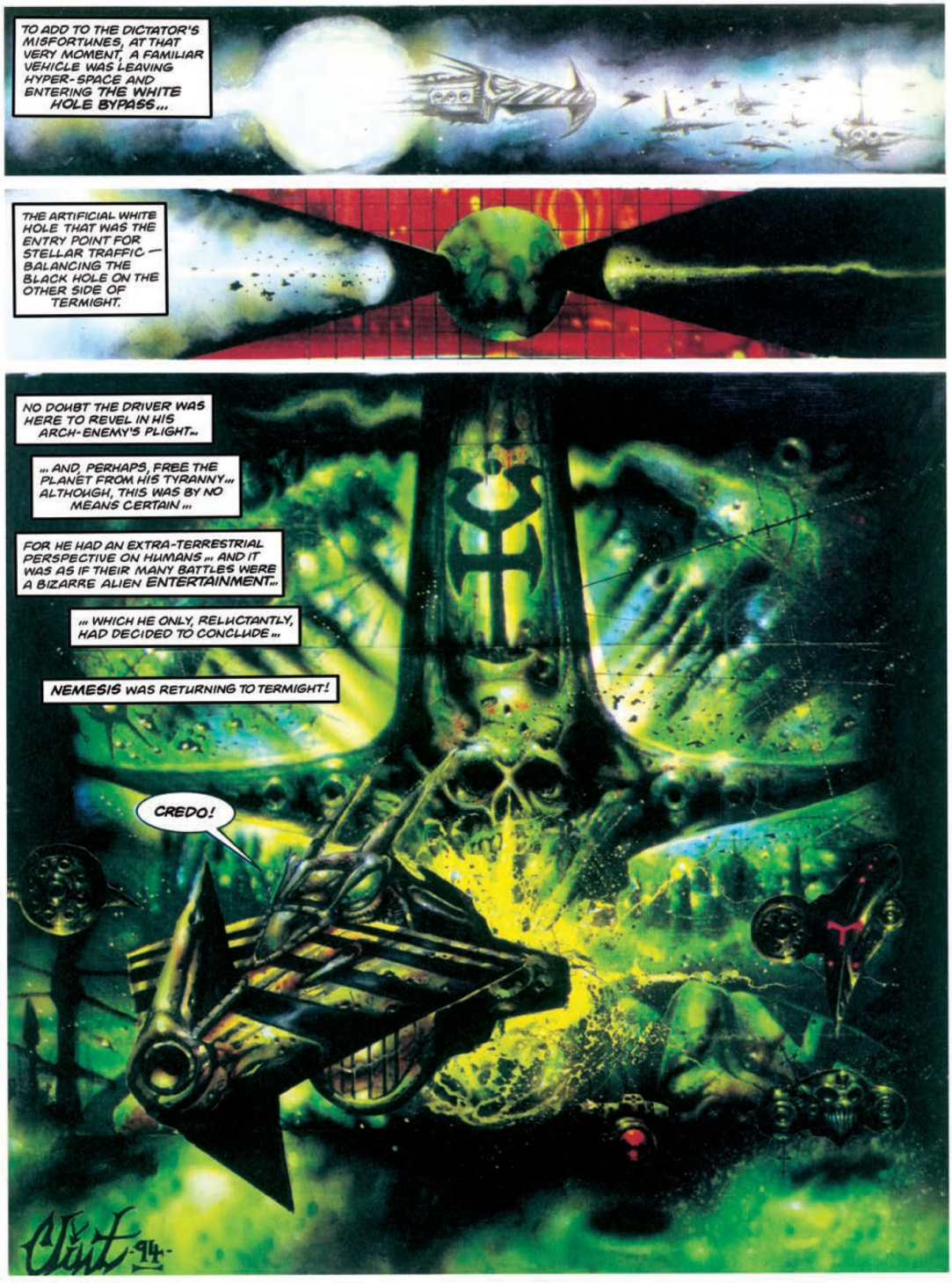
NOW THERE WAS ONLY DEATH HE DREAMED OF... THAT OF HIS TORMENTOR.
FOR THE WARLOCK'S LATEST SCHEME WAS THE MOST DASTARDLY YET...
I HAVE SURROUNDED TERMIGHT WITH A PSYCHIC SHEATH... SO ALL ITS EVIL IS REFLECTED BACK ONTO THE PLANET!
OH, DEVIOUS IS THE MIND OF THE DEVIANT! BUT I SHALL DESTROY YOU YET...
JUST AS I DESTROYED THOTH!
PANG!
SMAK!
THE FOUL FRUIT OF YOUR BEAK!
THEY WERE BRAVE WORDS— FIGHTING WORDS — YET HE KNEW IN HIS HEART...
I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS. HIS POWERS ARE TOO GREAT FOR ME.
THERE IS NO LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL— ONLY THE GRINNING MAW OF THE ARCH-DEVIANT.
LET'S FACE IT... I'M TRUCKED.
CURIOUSLY, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BROTHER BERTOLD HAD DISCOVERED IN THE GREAT LIBRARY OF NECROPOLIS...
HEAVEN BE PRAISED! THERE IS A WEAPON WITH WHICH TORQUEMADA CAN YET SMASH NEMESIS. THE MALLEUS MALLEFICARUM...
THE LEGENDARY HAMMER OF WARLOCKS!
CODEX METAPHANTOM
NEXT PROG: IF I HAD A HAMMER...

THERE WAS EVERY REASON FOR TORQUEMADA'S DESPAIR FOLLOWING NEMESIS' ENCIRCLEMENT OF THE EARTH WITH A PSYCHIC SHEATH...
NEMESIS
PART 3
HAMMER OF WARLOCKS
FOR IT MEANT THE GRAND MASTER'S EVIL RETURNED TO THE PLANET IN THE SHAPE OF ECTOPLASMIC CREATURES MOULDED FROM THE FEAR ... PAIN ... AND HATE HE HAD CREATED...
AND AS THE WARLOCK HAD PROMISED, THERE WAS WORSE TO COME ...
THOUGHTS THAT WOULD NORMALLY EVAPORATE IN THE AIR, WERE CONCENTRATED BY THE PSYCHOSPHERE ...
SLEEP IS NO REFUGE FOR IMPURE THOUGHTS
I HATE YOU, TORQUEMADA! DROP DEAD!
AND SO ...
ARGGH!
2000 AD CREDIT LINE
SCRIPT Pat Mills
ART Clint Langley
Beth Hannant
LETTERS Ellie de Ville

FORTUNATELY FOR TOMAS, THE CURSES OF HIS SUBJECTS ONLY HAD A TEMPORARY EFFECT... FOR THE DURATION OF THEIR THOUGHTS...
BUT THEIR ANGRY FEELINGS WERE MANY AND BRUTAL...
I HOPE YOU FALL OUT OF YOUR STALSCRAPER, YOU EVIL DASTARD!
SMASH!
NNNN

AND IF THE CURSE WAS SUSTAINED, HIS THOUGHT POLICE COULD TRACE THE SIGNAL...
FOR THEY ALREADY HAD DETECTOR VANS LOADED WITH SENSITIVE EQUIPMENT THAT COULD SENSE A PERSON'S INNERMOST THOUGHTS...
BE PURE
BE VIGILANT
GO TRUCK YOURSELF, TORQUEMADA!
BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEEP
SLAM-SLAM
THOUGHT POLICE! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
CRACK!
WHEREVER POSSIBLE, THE GRAND MASTER TORTURED THOSE WHO HAD CURSED HIM, PERSONALLY...
DO YOU WANT THE GOOD NEWS OR THE BAD NEWS?
UUUHHH! THE GOOD NEWS!
WELL, THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT THERE CAN BE PLEASURE IN PAIN... WHEN THE TORTURE STOPS AND THERE IS... AHHHH! SUCH SWEET RELIEF!
OH! YES! YES! I WILL LOOK FORWARD TO IT!
NOW HERE'S THE BAD NEWS... YOUR PAIN WILL NEVER, EVER STOP!
AAAHHHH!

SOME OF THE TERMITES' CURSES WERE BIOLOGICALLY IMPOSSIBLE... THE MOST POPULAR INVOLVED TORQUEMADA DOING STRANGE THINGS TO HIS ANATOMY...
OTHERS WERE SO APPALLING THAT TOMAS (EVER THE PROFESSIONAL) WOULD MAKE A NOTE OF THEM... SO HE COULD USE THEM ON HIS SUBJECTS LATER...
"AN ALIEN FUNGI THAT CAUSES 100% INFLAMMATION OF THE EPIDERMIS..."
BUT THE GRAND MASTER HIT BACK WITH PRAYER SQUADS CHANTING HIS FAVOURITE MANTRA...
CREATING HIS OWN PSYCHIC SHIELD THAT WOULD PURIFY ALL BUT THE MOST VENOMOUS CURSES...
BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!
...PROVIDED THEIR PURITY WAS BEYOND QUESTION.
ONLY THOSE WHOSE THOUGHTS AND DEEDS ARE TRULY VIRTUOUS CAN BLOCK THIS FOUL BOMBARDMENT OF OATHS AND EXPLETIVES... SO I URGE YOU... PUT A CORK IN IT FOR TORQUE!
A SPECIAL RUBBER SUIT WAS DESIGNED THAT ALLOWED HIM SOME FURTHER RESPITE... BUT...
UNLESS WE FIND A WAY OF DESTROYING THE PSYCHIC SHIELD, THE TERMITES WILL RISE IN OPEN REBELLION!
THE RESISTANCE ORGANISATION– CREDO – IS GAINING NEW RECRUITS EVERY DAY!
"LED BY THE TRAITOR, PURITY BROWN, THEY ARE OPENLY ATTACKING US IN THE TUBES..."
AND TOMAS KNEW THE BITTERNESS OF DEFEAT...
SO IT'S FINALLY OVER... THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF TORQUEMADA... ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE ME NOW.


TO ADD TO THE DICTATOR'S MISFORTUNES, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A FAMILIAR VEHICLE WAS LEAVING HYPER-SPACE AND ENTERING THE WHITE HOLE BYPASS...
THE ARTIFICIAL WHITE HOLE THAT WAS THE ENTRY POINT FOR STELLAR TRAFFIC — BALANCING THE BLACK HOLE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TERMIGHT.
NO DOUBT THE DRIVER WAS HERE TO REVEL IN HIS ARCH-ENEMY'S PLIGHT...
... AND, PERHAPS, FREE THE PLANET FROM HIS TYRANNY... ALTHOUGH, THIS WAS BY NO MEANS CERTAIN ...
FOR HE HAD AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL PERSPECTIVE ON HUMANS ... AND IT WAS AS IF THEIR MANY BATTLES WERE A BIZARRE ALIEN ENTERTAINMENT...
... WHICH HE ONLY, RELUCTANTLY, HAD DECIDED TO CONCLUDE ...
NEMESIS WAS RETURNING TO TERMIGHT!
CREDO!
Clint -94-

IN THE DARKEST HOUR OF TORQUEMADA'S DESPAIR, BROTHER BERTOLD CAME TO HIM...
GRAND MASTER! I BRING GOOD NEWS...
TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!
I COULD CERTAINLY USE SOME...! ONE MOMENT, BROTHER, WHILE I DISENGAGE MYSELF FROM THE EFFECTS OF THIS LATEST, PARTICULARLY LEWD CURSE...
...AND ORDER THE GUARDS TO GET THE PRAYER SQUADS OUT THERE TO PRAY HARDER!
KRAK!
AAHHH! THAT'S BETTER... YOU WERE SAYING?
WELL, YOUR EMINENCE... I HAVE LEARNT OF A WEAPON THAT WILL DESTROY NOT ONLY THE PSYCHOSPHERE, BUT THE WARLOCK HIMSELF!
GO ON, BROTHER, YOU INTEREST ME STRANGELY...
IT SEEMS IN THE LOST AGE OF SCIENCE, THE POWER OF CREATIVE THOUGHT— CURSING— WAS DISCOVERED AND ISOLATED... AND, FEARFUL OF THEIR SUBJECTS, THE EMPERORS INVENTED A DEVICE TO NULLIFY IT.
THE MALLEUS MALLEFICARUM... THE HAMMER OF WITCHES AND WARLOCKS...! SO NAMED BECAUSE ONCE IT WAS ONLY PRACTITIONERS OF THE BLACK ARTS WHO HAD THE ABILITY TO CURSE.
BETTER YET, THE RULERS INCORPORATED THEIR OWN THOUGHT ENERGY— THE DARK SIDE OF THEIR IDS— INTO THE HAMMER...
SO ANYONE ARMED WITH IT WILL POSSESS ALL THE POWER OF THE PAST EMPERORS OF TERMIGHT!
CODEX
I PRAYED FOR A MIRACLE AND IT HAS COME TO PASS! HAH! PERHAPS THE PSYCHOSPHERE HAS AIDED ME ALSO!
I WILL FIND THIS HAMMER AND USE IT TO VANQUISH NEMESIS! AND THIS TIME— I FEEL IT IN MY WATER— I WILL BE VICTORIOUS!
THE END

Nemesis
THE WARLOCK

BOOK X

THE FINAL CONFLICT

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Henry Flint & Kevin O' Neill
Illumination: Steve Potter

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GENESIS
BOOK 8: THE FINAL CONFLICT
CREDIT SCROLL
MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills
ARTWORK
Brother Flint
ILLUMINATION
Brother Potter

TERMIGHT! EARTH, THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE, CAPITAL PLANET OF A MIGHTY GALACTIC EMPIRE...
ABOVE GROUND, IT IS A DESERT – DEVASTATED BY NUCLEAR WARS, WITH PETRIFIED CITIES WHERE TIME AND REALITY HAVE BECOME WARPED... AND STRANGE ROBOT BIRDS FEED THEIR YOUNG...
THE "TERMITES" LIVE BENEATH THE SURFACE IN A WORLD HOLLOWED OUT INTO A NETWORK OF TRAVEL TUBES – THE MOST ADVANCED ROAD SYSTEM IN THE GALAXY...
THESE TUBES LINK THE GIANT STALSCRAPER CITIES OF MAUSOLEUM AND NECROPOLIS IN THE CENTRAL ABYSS.
THE PEOPLE ARE RULED BY TORQUEMADA, GRAND MASTER OF THE TERMINATORS, SWORN TO WIPE-OUT ALL ALIEN LIFE.
HAVE NO TRUCK WITH THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL! HEED MY WORDS...
BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!
THE TUBES ULTIMATELY LEAD TO THE BLACKHOLE BYPASS – AN ARTIFICIAL BLACK HOLE – MAN'S SHORT CUT TO THE STARS.
FROM IT, THE SILVER SHIPS OF TERMIGHT – MIGHTY TERRA – HAVE CONQUERED, ENSLAVED AND EXTERMINATED THE INHABITANTS OF OVER A THOUSAND ALIEN WORLDS!

VID-COM
SLAVE SHIP RETURNING TO TERMIGHT, PURITY... IT'S JUST ENTERING THE WHITE HOLE BYPASS!
OKAY— ALL UNITS ON STAND-BY!
PURITY — IT'S MADNESS TO DO THIS ON OUR OWN! THERE'S STILL TIME TO SEEK HIS HELP.
NO, RAGNAR — WE DO THIS WITHOUT HIM!
I KNOW WHAT WENT ON BETWEEN YOU IN THE PAST. HOW HE MADE YOU... BEFRIEND TORQUEMADA...
THAT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS!
THEN WHY NOT LET NEMESIS HELP US NOW?
BUT OUR RESISTANCE AGAINST THE TERMINATORS IS JUST "ENTERTAINMENT" TO HIM!
I DON'T THINK HE EVER CARED THAT HIS "ARCH-ENEMY" TORQUEMADA BROUGHT MISERY TO BILLIONS THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.
HE CAN JUST GO TO HELL.

"JUST REMEMBER, IT'S THANKS TO HIS PSYCHIC SHEATH ENCIRCLING THE PLANET THAT HUMANS ARE FINALLY FINDING THE COURAGE TO FIGHT BACK NOW!"
UNIT 4! HIT THE SLAVER!
WE'RE ON IT, PURITY!
AAAIEE!
NOW!
LET'S GET THOSE SLAVES OUT OF THERE!
IT'S MAIN BEAM CANNON IS OUT...
TAKE OUT THE REAR GUNNERS!

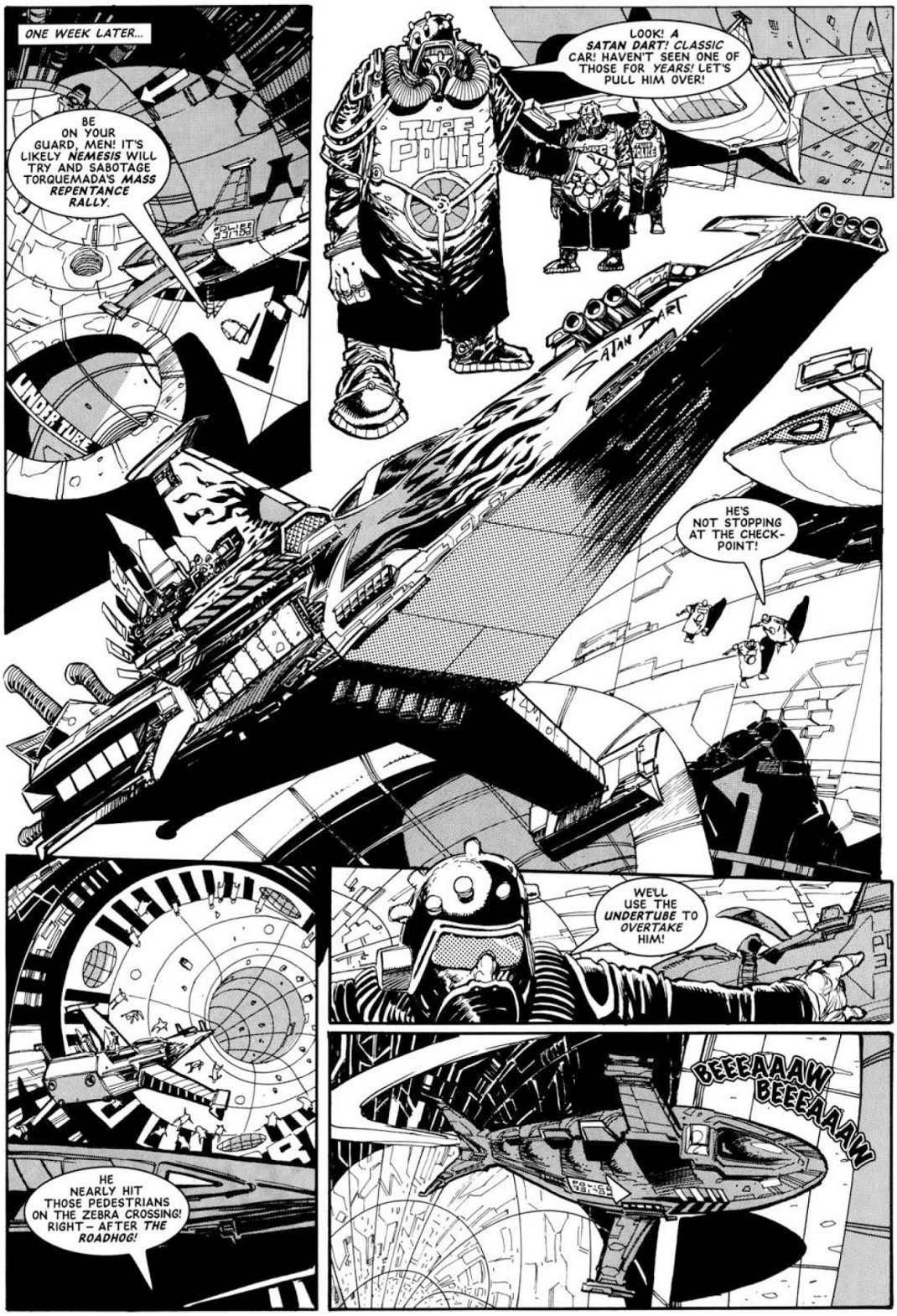
CLEANSE AND PURIFY THE ALIEN LOVERS!
USING MAGMA SUCTION BOOTS, PURITY RUNS ALONG THE TUBE WALL ABOVE THE TERMINATOR GUNNERS–
AAAGGH!
KILLER
OKAY, RAZ-VAR! GET THE AIRLOCK DOOR OPEN!

IT'S OPENED!
BUT... WHERE ARE THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS..? THE TERMINATOR CREW..?
THE HOLD IS *EMPTY!*
I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...
WAIT! THERE'S *SOMEONE* LURKING IN THE SHADOWS!
OH, TRUCK! IT... IT'S...
TORQUEMADA!

PURITY LEADS A RESISTANCE ATTACK ON A TERMINATOR SLAVE SHIP, ONLY TO DISCOVER TORQUEMADA IS ON BOARD...
I HAVE RETURNED FROM MY TRAVELS AMONGST THE ALIENS WITH THE MOST COVETED WEAPON IN THE UNIVERSE! THE MALLEUS MALLEFICARUM! THE LEGENDARY...
...HAMMER OF WARLOCKS!
BOOK 8: THE FINAL CONFLICT
Part 2
CREDIT SCROLL
Manuscript
Brother Mills
Artwork
Brother Flint
Illumination
Brother Potter
THE ULTIMATE WEAPON TO CLEANSE DEVIANTS!
CLEANSE THIS!
NOTHING CAN BREAK THROUGH IT'S POWER-WALL!
I'VE HEARD OF IT! IT WAS DESIGNED BY PAST RULERS OF TERMIGHT!
THEIR BIO-ENERGY IS STORED WITHIN IT!
SO WE'RE FACING NOT JUST TORQUEMADA, BUT ALL THE EMPERORS OF TERMIGHT!

WITH THE HAMMER, I SHALL FINALLY COMPLETE MY LIFE'S WORK...
PURIFYING TERMIGHT OF THE ALIEN HORDES!
AAAGGH!
SURRENDER NOW, PURITY – AND I PROMISE YOU, AT LEAST, WILL BE SPARED!
WE *HAVE* TO SEEK OUT NEMESIS, PURITY! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DEFEAT SUCH A WEAPON!
NO! I'VE TOLD YOU, RAGNAR!. I DON'T WANT THE WARLOCK INVOLVED!
I WANT TO KEEP HIM AND HIS WARPED GAMES OUT OF THIS!
HE JUST *PRETENDS* IT'S A GAME. BUT DEEP DOWN, I *KNOW* HE REALLY CARES ABOUT HUMANS.
HE'S AN *ALIEN*. HOW CAN HE CARE ABOUT US? HOW CAN *YOU*?
NO OFFENCE, RAGNAR, BUT IT'S *MY* PLANET AND I'M *SICK* OF ALIENS INTERFERING WITH IT.
THEN MAYBE YOU AND TORQUEMADA HAVE MORE IN COMMON THAN YOU REALISE, PURITY!

FOR THE LAST TIME, PURITY – SURRENDER! YOU ARE HUMAN, LIKE ME... YOUR PLACE IS BY *MY* SIDE! NOT WITH THAT FOUL DEVIANT!
REMEMBER... HE IS AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL! HE SHOULD NOT BE ON TERMIGHT!
SO YOU WOULD PREFER TO *DEMEAN* YOURSELF WITH A *DEMON?*
THEN YOU, TOO, SHALL BE CLEANSED, BITCH! AS WILL *ALL* WHO HAVE HAD TRUCK WITH THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL!
ONLY BECAUSE NEMESIS WANTED ME TO *SPY* ON YOU. YOUR TOUCH MADE MY SKIN CRAWL!
TRUST ME, PURITY! REMEMBER HOW YOU AND I WERE... *CLOSE* ONCE?
YESSS... IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK ON THE SACRED MAGMA OF TERMIGHT! BUT I MUST *ENSURE* MY TERMITES *FEAR* THE ALIENS, SO THEY STILL LOOK TO ME FOR PROTECTION!
I FEEL A *POGROM* COMING ON!


ONE WEEK LATER...
BE ON YOUR GUARD, MEN! IT'S LIKELY *NEMESIS* WILL TRY AND SABOTAGE TORQUEMADA'S *MASS REPENTANCE RALLY*.
UNDERTUBE
TUBE POLICE
LOOK! A *SATAN DART*! CLASSIC CAR! HAVEN'T SEEN ONE OF THOSE FOR *YEARS*! LET'S PULL HIM OVER!
SATAN DART
HE'S NOT STOPPING AT THE CHECK-POINT!
WE'LL USE THE *UNDERTUBE* TO *OVERTAKE* HIM!
BEEEAAAW BEEEAAAW
HE NEARLY HIT THOSE PEDESTRIANS ON THE ZEBRA CROSSING! RIGHT – AFTER *THE ROADHOG*!

BIO-SCAN INDICATES THE DRIVER'S *HUMAN*... HE'S DIRECTLY ABOVE US!
WE'LL GET HIM ON THE NEXT *INTERSECTION!*
beeaaw
BEEAAAWW BEEAAAWW
POLICE! STOP OR DIE!
GOO
SHIIIDD!!
STEP OUT OF THE CAR, SIR!
OF COURSE, OFFICER.
DRIVING A LITTLE FAST THERE, WEREN'T WE, SIR?
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN DOING *AT LEAST NINE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR!* WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE – *NEMESIS THE WARLOCK?*
I'M SORRY, OFFICER. I DIDN'T SEE YOUR CHECKPOINT UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE.
SPEEDING, DANGEROUS DRIVING, FAILING TO STOP, YOU'RE IN *BIG* TROUBLE! LET'S SEE YOUR DOCUMENTS.
I'M THE POLICE
OF COURSE!

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TRUCK! A – A PLENARY INDULGENCE SIGNED BY TORQUEMADA H-HIMSELF!
AS YOU CAN SEE, OFFICER, IT ALLOWS ME TO "KILL OR MAIM UP TO FIVE PEDESTRIANS IN THE TUBE WITHOUT PROSECUTION."
IN THAT CASE, SIR, I'M VERY SORRY TO HAVE TROUBLED YOU.
BEAUTIFUL SHIP YOU'VE GOT, SIR. THEY DON'T MAKE THEM LIKE THAT ANYMORE. BET YOU DON'T GET MANY MILES TO THE ERG, THOUGH?
ABOUT FIVE.
FIVE..?! SIGH! I ALWAYS PROMISED MYSELF ONE, BUT THE WIFE INSISTED ON A "SUBWAY RELIANT".
THANKS FOR STOPPING, SIR! HAVE A SAFE JOURNEY, SIR!
BUT ONCE OUT OF SIGHT... THE SATAN DART MORPHS INTO...
THE BLITZSPEAR!
THE PERSONAL SPACESHIP OF NEMESIS THE WARLOCK!
IT'S TIME FOR THE END GAME TO BEGIN...
THE FINAL CONFLICT!

BOOK X: THE FINAL CONFLICT
PART 3
GENESIS
THE DEVIANTS WHO HAD TRUCK WITH EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS MUST DIE!
THEIR EXECUTION WAS SHOWN ON A GIANT HOLOGRAM.
AT A MASS REPENTANCE RALLY... ON TOP OF THE "TOWER OF SHAME", FEATURING THE ALIENS HUMANS LIVED IN TERROR OF.
BY DEMEANING THEMSELVES WITH DEMONS, THESE DEVIANTS THREATEN THE PURITY OF THE HUMAN RACE!
WE HAD TRUCK WITH EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS
WE HAD TRUCK WITH EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS
THEY MUST BE CLEANSED! ALONG WITH ALL ALIEN LIFE-FORMS! BEFORE THEY INTERBREED WITH US!
SECURITY CHECK AHEAD... GET READY, RAGNAR.
CREDIT SCROLL
MADUSCRIPT
Brother Mills
ARTWORK
Brother Flint
ILLUMINATION
Brother Potter
HALT!
STATE YOUR BUSINESS.
DEATH TO THE DEVIANTS!
WE'RE PURE
DON'T PORK IT PUT A COCK IN IT FOR TOPIQUE
PURE
DEATH TO THE DIRTY TRUCKERS!

WE'RE MATTER TRANSMITTER ENGINEERS. THERE'S BEEN A BREAKDOWN IN THE TELEPORTER.
AGAIN?
AFRAID SO. WE'VE COME TO CHECK THE CABLES.
ALL RIGHT— PASS.
SO FAR SO GOOD... RESISTANCE FORCES ARE READY TO ATTACK KEY POSITIONS THROUGHOUT TERMIGHT.
WHILE WE INCINERATE TORQUEMADA.
POWER MAN
YES. HIS REIGN OF TERROR IS FINALLY OVER.
NOT EVEN THE HAMMER OF WARLOCKS WILL SAVE HIM FROM 20,000 KILLER-WATTS!

PEOPLE OF TERMIGHT! *BEFORE* I EXECUTE THESE DIRTY TRUCKERS, I WANT YOU TO CONSIDER, FOR A MOMENT, THE ALIENS' LEADER... ***NEMESIS!***
HA HA
AS I REVEAL – FOR THE FIRST TIME – THAT HIS FOUL PROBOSCIS IS USED IN THE *REPRODUCTION* OF HIS ODIOUS SPECIES!
YES... NOT A THOUGHT TO *LINGER* ON, IS IT?
WHO CAN DOUBT WE MUST *PROTECT* OUR PLANET FROM SUCH OFFENSIVE LIFE-FORMS AND ALL THOSE WHO ARE *TEMPTED* BY HOOVES AND HORNS AND TENTACLES?
PLEASE! FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, TORQUEMADA!
YOUR DISGUSTING CRIMES ARE *BEYOND* FORGIVENESS!
TRESPASSERS MUST BE PERSECUTED!
NOW!

I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS, TORQUEMADA!
IT FAILED! HIS HAMMER'S TOO POWERFUL!
SEIZE THE TERRORISTS!
MEANWHILE, I SHALL CONTINUE WITH THE EXECUTIONS!
SINGING THE DEVIATUS, THE BATTLE HYMN OF TERMIGHT, TORQUEMADA'S OUTRIDERS ATTACK...
WATCH YE FOR THE MARK OF THE DEVIANT! THE TENTACLE AND CLAW! THE SCALEY SKIN, THE BUG EYES! THE CLOVEN HOOF AND PAW!

WITH SWORD AND AXE AND MACE, WE CLEANSE AND PURIFY...
WE NEVER SHOW ANY MERCY! ALL ALIENS MUST...
BEHIND YOU, PURITY!
DIEEEEH!
BEWARE OF CREATURES LURKING IN SHADOW OR IN CAVE!
HEED THE WORDS OF TORQUEMADA!
BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BE...
AAAGHH!

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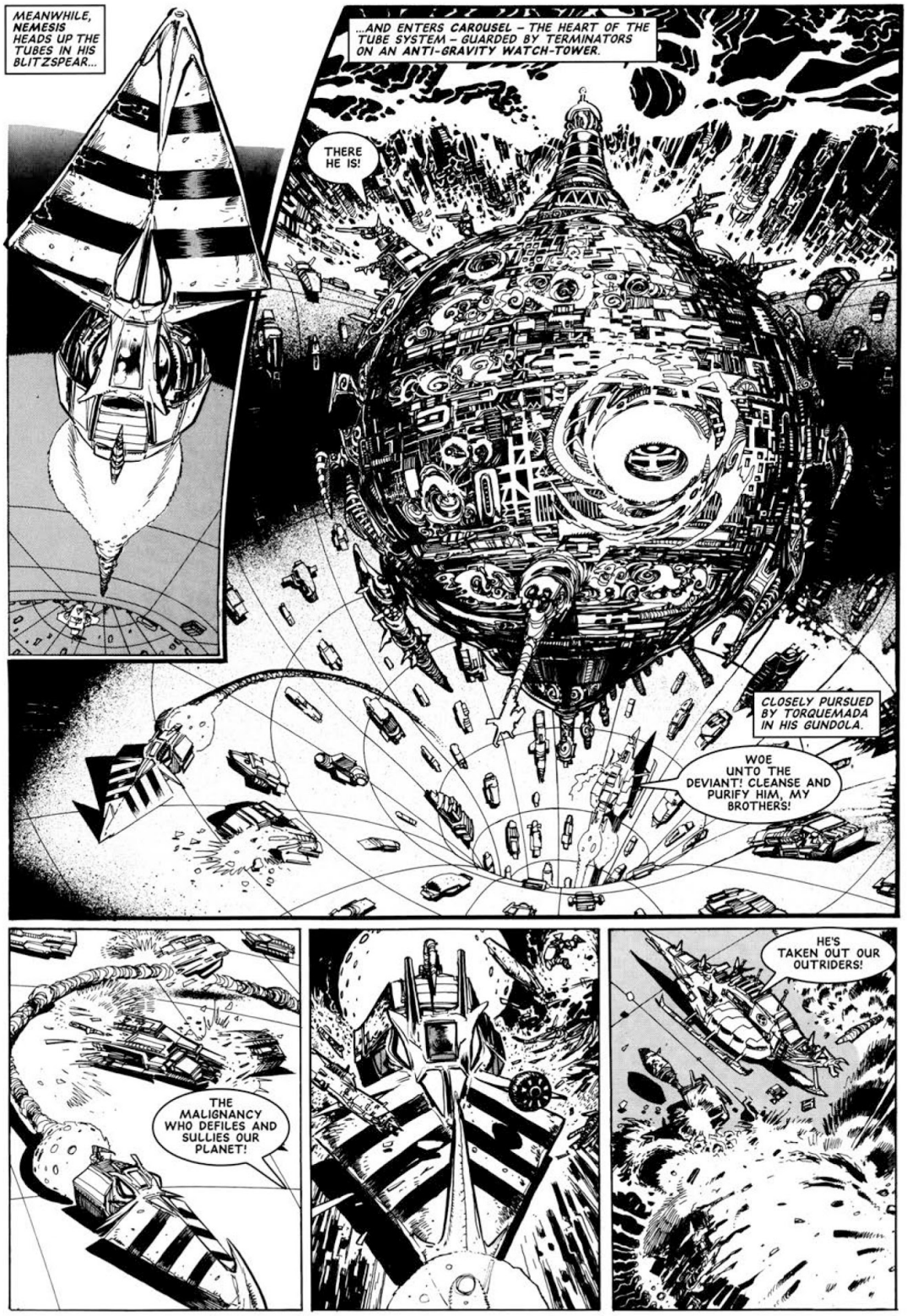
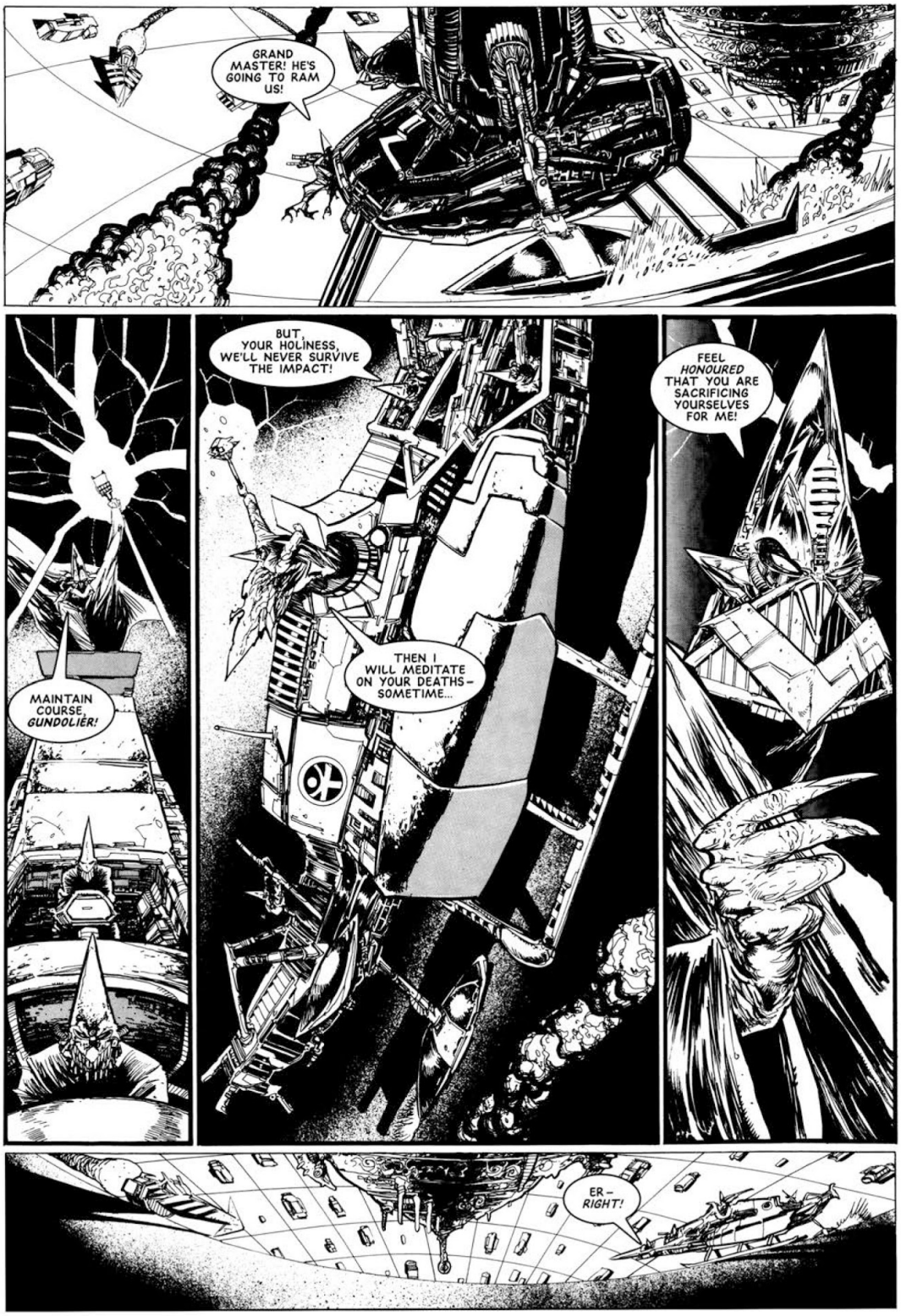
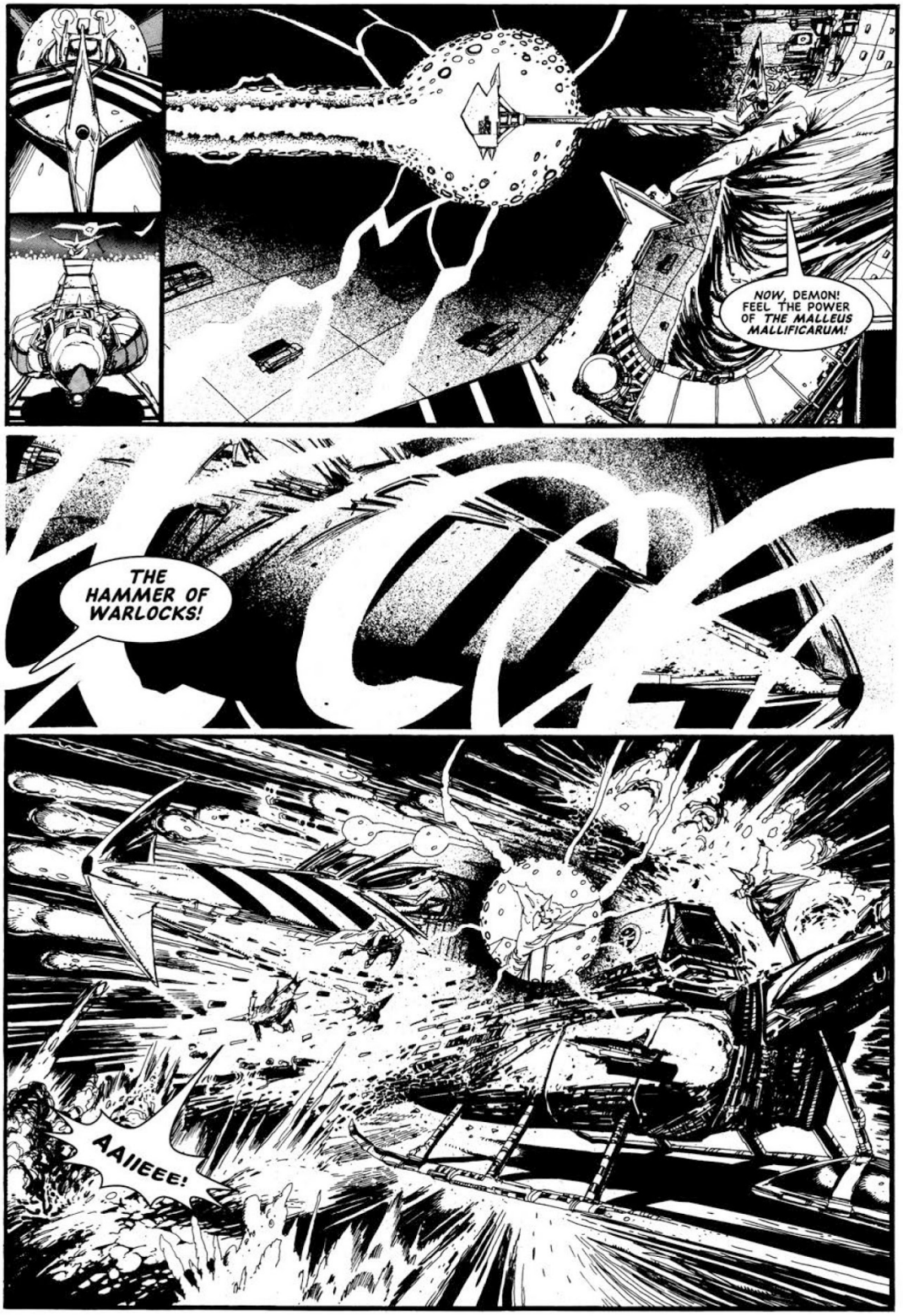
MEANWHILE...
THE WARLOCK!
THE BLITZSPEAR BLASTS THE BASE OF THE TOWER OF SHAME.
MAY THE HOLY TERMITE SAVE US!
THE TOWER FALLS TOWARDS A MULTI-LANE TUBEWAY..!
LOOK OUT!
IT'S A JUDGEMENT ON US FOR NOT BEING PURE!
AIEEEE!
BUT THE HAMMER HAS PROTECTED TORQUEMADA AND HIS PRISONERS.
RUN FOR IT!
QUICKLY! MY GUNDOLA!
IT IS TIME FOR MY FINAL ENCOUNTER WITH THE WARLOCK!
AND THE TRIUMPH OF HUMANITY OVER THE ALIEN!

BOOK 8: THE FINAL CONFLICT
PART 4
AS PURITY AND RAGNAR ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER OF SHAME...
I'M GETTING REPORTS THE BLACK HOLE WATCH-TOWER HAS BEEN TAKEN!
AND THE CABAL OF REBEL PLANETS ARE ATTACKING TERMINATOR BASES THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE!
THE REVOLT AGAINST TORQUEMADA HAS BEGUN!
IT'S OVER, PURITY. YOUR PLANET IS FINALLY FREE!
CREDIT SCROLL
MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills
ARTWORK
Brother Flint
ILLUMINATION
Brother Potter
NOT YET, RAGNAR... THE HAMMER OF WARLOCKS HAS MADE TORQUEMADA INVINCIBLE.
NO WEAPON IN THE GALAXY CAN HARM HIM!
AND AS LONG AS HE'S ALIVE...


MEANWHILE, NEMESIS HEADS UP THE TUBES IN HIS BLITZSPEAR...
...AND ENTERS CAROUSEL – THE HEART OF THE TUBE SYSTEM – GUARDED BY TERMINATORS ON AN ANTI-GRAVITY WATCH-TOWER.
THERE HE IS!
CLOSELY PURSUED BY TORQUEMADA IN HIS GUNDOLA.
WOE UNTO THE DEVIANT! CLEANSE AND PURIFY HIM, MY BROTHERS!
THE MALIGNANCY WHO DEFILES AND SULLIES OUR PLANET!
HE'S TAKEN OUT OUR OUTRIDERS!


GRAND MASTER! HE'S GOING TO RAM US!
MAINTAIN COURSE, GUNDOLIER!
BUT, YOUR HOLINESS, WE'LL NEVER SURVIVE THE IMPACT!
THEN I WILL MEDITATE ON YOUR DEATHS – SOMETIME...
FEEL HONOURED THAT YOU ARE SACRIFICING YOURSELVES FOR ME!
ER – RIGHT!



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FROM THE WRECKAGE...
EMERGES...
IT'S HIM! THE LORD OF THE FLIES! THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME!
HE LOOKS WORSE THAN IN THE "WANTED" POSTERS!
THE HOLDER OF THE SWORD SINISTER...
THE DEATH BRINGER...
THE ONE WHO WAITS ON THE EDGE OF YOUR DREAMS...
NEMESIS!

IT COMMENCES BATTLE WITH TORQUEMADA.
Hawkkk!
HA! ACID SLIME-BALLS...
FLAMES..! NOTHING CAN PENETRATE MY POWER WALL!
AND NOW, DEMON, YOUR VILE "HEAD"...
SHALL BE THE ANVIL FOR THE HAMMER OF WARLOCKS!

SAVAGELY EXCHANGING BLOWS, NEMESIS AND TORQUEMADA CONFRONT EACH OTHER AMONGST THE CRUMBLING STATUES OF TERMIGHT'S IMPERIAL PAST.
AT LAST I HAVE PROVED IT! MAN IS THE SUPREME SPECIES IN THE GALAXY!
AND I AM THE SUPREME MAN! THE SAVIOUR OF THE HUMAN RACE FROM THE ALIEN HORDES!
THE DESTROYER OF NEMESIS THE WARLOCK!
CREDIT SCROLL
MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills
ARTWORK
Brother Flint
ILLUMINATION
Brother Potter
FOR YOU CANNOT TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS PUNISHMENT...
ALTHOUGH I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE YOUR DEATH A SLOW, LINGERING ONE...
THAT I MAY SAVOUR YOUR PAIN!
BUT ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END...
BOOK 8: THE FINAL CONFLICT
PART 5
NEMESIS

AND IT ENDS NOW!
AAAAHHH!
ALTHOUGH – IF IT WENT THE OTHER WAY AND NEMESIS DEFEATED ME – I HAVE PREPARED A FINAL SOLUTION TO THE ALIEN PROBLEM!
HRRRRGGHH!
TRUCK! HE'S STILL ALIVE!
I MUST THINK NO MORE OF MY DOOMSDAY DEVICE... FOR THE DEVIANT CAN READ MY MIND!
TIME ENOUGH TO CONSIDER MY PLANS ONCE HE HAS GIVEN UP THE GHOST!
UUGH!

THEN NOTHING CAN STOP ME CLEANSING THE GALAXY OF ALL ALIEN LIFE-FORMS...
WITH THEIR OFFENSIVE PERSONAL HABITS, UNSPEAKABLE APPENDAGES AND STRANGE WOBBLY BITS!
SO, TOO, SHALL BE CLEANSED THOSE HUMANS WHO HAD TRUCK WITH THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL!
THEY WHO CHOSE TO IGNORE MY HOLY WORDS...
"BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!"
AND SO PRODUCED THE LOATHSOME HALF-HUMAN, HALF-ALIENS KNOWN AS *MANDRAKES!*
OH, THERE'S A PLACE FOR *THEM* IN MY *VAPOURISATION VATS!*
HOOOWWWG!
ESPECIALLY THE UNCLEAN HELL-BITCH WHO WAS IN RUT WITH *"HIM WITH THE HORNS AND THE HOOVES"*.
I SHALL SUPERVISE *MS. PURITY BROWN'S* DEATH PERSONALLY!

AND WHAT OF THE WARLOCK'S THOUGHTS AS TORQUEMADA CLOSES IN FOR THE KILL?
THEY ARE SO ALIEN, SO DEMONIC, THERE ARE NO HUMAN WORDS TO CONVEY THEM...
FOR ITS BRAIN IS NOT SPLIT INTO TWO SPHERES. SO THERE IS NO SEPARATION INTO LIGHT AND DARK, GOOD AND EVIL.
AND THERE IS NO WAY OF KNOWING IF SUCH AN ENTITY CAN FEEL FEAR. ALTHOUGH ITS BAYING AND NEIGHING SUGGEST IT FEELS PAIN...
A LOT OF PAIN.
EEEEHHHH!
BUT IT SEEMS UNLIKELY THAT RIGHT NOW IT STILL REGARDS INTERFERING IN HUMAN AFFAIRS AS AN AMUSING COSMIC JOKE, ONLY APPRECIATED BY THE BORED DEMON GODS OF THE NETHER WORLDS...
UNLESS IT CAN ALSO APPRECIATE THE JOKE IS FINALLY ON IT!
NOW, WARLOCK! LORD OF THE FLIES! HELLSPAWN! IT IS TIME FOR YOUR DEMISE!
"CREDO!" AS YOU USED TO SAY... YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT!

THEN NEMESIS SUMMONS HIS POWERS, ENTERING TORQUEMADA'S MIND...
UUUGH! I AM FILLED WITH THE UNHOLY SPIRIT!
CAN'T STOP THINKING IMPURE THOUGHTS... I SEE HIDEOUS DEVIANTS EVERYWHERE CAVORTING AND WRITHING IN UNNATURAL AND LEWD POSITIONS!
HAVE TO GIVE MYSELF A DOUBLE SCOURGING TONIGHT!
I – I DENY THIS BLASPHEMY FROM THE PRINCE OF LIES!
I EXORCISE IT FROM MY MIND!
THEN THE WARLOCK SENDS HIM THE MOST VILE VISION OF ALL.

AN ALIEN FROM SOME DISTANT STAR SYSTEM – WHO SEEMS VAGUELY FAMILIAR...
DON'T YOU RECOGNISE IT, TORQUEMADA? I THINK YOUR SOUL DOES...
SOULS OFTEN INHABIT MORE THAN ONE BODY, ON MORE THAN ONE PLANET AT THE SAME TIME.
YOUR SOUL CHOSE THIS GLEEPZAD FROM ALPHA CENTAURI SIX TO DWELL IN AS WELL AS YOUR BODY!
NO! IT – IT CANNOT BE...
YES, TORQUEMADA... YOU ARE ALIEN! YOU ARE A DEVIANT!
NOOOO!
THE VISION LEAVES HIM PARALYSED WITH HORROR – BECAUSE HIS SOUL KNOWS IT IS THE TRUTH!
GLEEP! GLEEP!
IT CANNOT BE... I AM IMPURE!
YESSSSS! NOW ASSUME THE POSITION...
...FOR YOUR EXECUTION!

NEMESIS PREPARES TO BEHEAD A BROKEN TORQUEMADA—
WAIT!
WHY?
THE REVOLUTION HAS TRIUMPHED!
EVERYWHERE THE TERMINATORS ARE SURRENDERING! THE TERMITES HAVE HAD *ENOUGH* OF THE GRAND MASTER!
HE MUST BE PUT ON TRIAL!
TO SHOW HIS FOLLOWERS HOW *EVIL* HE IS! SO WE CAN PUT THE PAST BEHIND US AND BUILD A TERRAN FEDERATION *FREE* FROM HATE!
SO IT CAN *NEVER* HAPPEN AGAIN!
H'MM... I SUPPOSE A TRIAL COULD BE... *AMUSING.*
VERY WELL, PURITY.
SEE YOU IN COURT!

SIX MONTHS LATER – A TERMIGHT TEMPLE, CONVERTED INTO A WAR CRIMES TRIBUNAL.
TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA, YOU ARE CHARGED BEFORE THE TERMITES OF EARTH AND INTELLIGENT BEINGS THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY... WITH ATTEMPTING TO DESTROY ALL NON-HUMAN LIFE-FORMS!
THE PUBLIC GALLERIES WERE FILLED WITH THOUSANDS OF EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS, WHO HAD TRAVELLED TO EARTH SPECIALLY TO SEE THE PUBLIC HUMILIATION OF THEIR TORMENTOR.
SECURITY WAS MASSIVE. TORQUEMADA WAS PROTECTED INSIDE A FORCE-FIELD AGAINST POSSIBLE ASSASSINATION OR RESCUE BIDS BY HIS FOLLOWERS.
YOU ARE ALSO CHARGED WITH SENDING SIX BILLION EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS TO THE VAPOURISATION VATS!
WHY BOTHER WITH A TRIAL? HE'S GUILTY! LET'S HANG HIM NOW!
BOOK X: THE FINAL CONFLICT
PART 6
CREDIT SCROLL
MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills
ARTWORK
Brother Flint
ILLUMINATION
Brother Potter
SILENCE, PLEASE! THIS TRIAL WILL BE CONDUCTED WITH DIGNITY!
TORQUEMADA... YOU ARE FURTHER CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF MANDRAKES AND HUMAN OPPONENTS TO YOUR PLANS, AS WELL AS MEMBERS OF YOUR OWN ROYAL FAMILY...
IT TOOK SEVEN DAYS FOR ALL THE CHARGES TO BE READ OUT. AT LAST...
HOW DO YOU PLEAD? GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?
NOT GUILTY.

THE EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU – AS *THE JURY* WILL SEE FROM THE ARCHIVE FOOTAGE – IS OVERWHELMING...
FOLLOW YOUR LEADER
DEATH
PURE
"... DUE TO YOUR DESIRE TO BE FILMED IN ACTION, APPARENTLY SO YOU COULD ENJOY WATCHING YOUR CRIMES LATER!
"HERE, WE SEE A HOLO-FILM OF YOUR THIRD GENOCIDAL CRUSADE AGAINST THE ALIENS OF THE FRINGE WORLDS..."
"AND HERE, ONE OF YOUR LETHAL 'TESTS' TO DETECT MANDRAKES AND SHAPE-SHIFTING ALIENS."
PLEASE! I'M HUMAN! I'M NOT AN ALIEN! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!
DEVIANT METER
PURE
ALIEN
MAX
THEN BE *COMFORTED* BY MY WORDS: "IT IS BETTER ONE HUMAN SHOULD DIE THAN A THOUSAND ALIENS ESCAPE!"
"NEXT, AN EXAMPLE OF HOW YOUR THOUGHT POLICE SCANNED TERMITES FOR IMPURE THOUGHTS..."
TRUCK YOU, TORQUEMADA!
MIND YOUR THOUGHTS
IMPURE THOUGHTS! LEVEL 6, FLAT 9! ARREST THEM!
"AND WHAT HAPPENED TO 'THE GUILTY' IN YOUR TORTURE CHAMBER?
"I RECOMMEND THE PUBLIC GALLERY IS CLEARED BEFORE THE NEXT SEQUENCE, WHEN HE USES THE ELECTRO-POKER ON HIS VICTIM... AS IT MAY BE TOO DISTURBING!"
EEEEEHHH!

TORQUEMADA CROSS-EXAMINED THE WITNESSES FOR THE PROSECUTION.
ARE YOU CERTAIN I WAS THE ONE WHO USED THE ELECTRO-POKER ON YOU AND CAUSED YOUR... TRAGIC INJURIES?
OF COURSE! HOW COULD I FORGET? YOU MONSTER! YOU DEVIL INCARNATE!
ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN?
I RECOMMEND YOU THINK CAREFULLY BEFORE YOU REPLY, MY FRIEND... VERY CAREFULLY INDEED...
W-WELL... IT-IT WAS DARK IN THE CHAMBER. A-AND YOU WERE WEARING A MASK... I-I SUPPOSE I COULD HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN.
P-PLEASE... I'VE GOT A FAMILY...
I HAVE NO MORE QUESTIONS FOR THIS WITNESS.
HE'S INTIMIDATING EVERY WITNESS! HE'S TURNING THIS TRIAL INTO A FARCE!
BUT THE JURY AREN'T STUPID! THEY KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING.
MEMBERS OF THE JURY, I WILL NOW OPEN THE CASE FOR THE DEFENCE.
ALTHOUGH, I NOTICE THE THREE ALIEN MEMBERS OF THE JURY ARE MISSING... UNFORTUNATE "FATAL ACCIDENTS" IN THE TUBE, I UNDERSTAND. THE DRIVERS RESPONSIBLE WERE NEVER CAUGHT...

"MOST UNFORTUNATE... BUT I'M SURE I CAN RELY ON YOU HUMAN MEMBERS TO GIVE ME A FAIR TRIAL... CAN'T I?"
GULP!
MY DEFENCE IS A SIMPLE ONE. IT'S THIS...
I WAS *RIGHT* TO TRY AND CLEANSE THE GALAXY OF THE *ALIEN FILTH!* IT IS MY LIFE'S WORK FOR WHICH I AM *TRULY PROUD!*
AND I ONLY HAVE *ONE* WITNESS TO CALL TO *PROVE* IT!
I CALL UPON...
NEMESIS' *GREAT UNCLE BAAL!*
DESCRIBE YOUR PROFESSION TO THE COURT.
I AM A SORCERER AND DIABOLIST, INVESTIGATING THE *NATURE* OF *HUMAN BRAIN DISEASE* WHICH HAS CAUSED WARS NOT ONLY ON YOUR OWN PLANET, BUT THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY!
AND HOW DO YOU GO ABOUT YOUR... *INVESTIGATION?*
WHY, BY CAUSING TERRAN SPACESHIPS TO CRASH-LAND ON MY PLANET AND *DISSECTING* THE HUMAN CREWS!

HENRY HERE WAS SUCH A SPACE PILOT, WEREN'T YOU, HENRY?
THAT'S RIGHT, UNCLE. AND I'M SO GRATEFUL YOU OPERATED ON MY BRAIN. IT DOESN'T HURT ANYMORE NOW.
EXPLAIN THIS "DISEASE".
WELL... HUMAN BRAINS ARE SPLIT. THIS GIVES THEM SUBJECTIVE CONCEPTS OF "GOOD" AND "EVIL" WHICH THEY FEEL A NEED TO IMPOSE ON EVERYONE WHO DOESN'T AGREE WITH THEM!
FOR YEARS I SEARCHED FOR A CURE. SADLY, I WAS UNSUCCESSFUL. THE DISEASE HAS GONE TOO FAR. BASICALLY, THE HUMAN RACE IS TRUCKED!
SO WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?
AN IMMEDIATE REDUCTION OF 75% OF THE HUMAN POPULATION. FOLLOWED BY FIVE YEARLY CULLS OF THE SURVIVORS.
AND A GENEROUS CASH INCENTIVE SCHEME FOR VOLUNTARY CASTRATION!
AND YOU ARE A CLOSE RELATIVE OF NEMESIS?
HE'S MY NEPHEW. ALTHOUGH HE BANISHED ME BECAUSE–
NO FURTHER QUESTIONS!
NOW YOU SEE THE THREAT ALIENS POSE! NOTHING LESS THAN THE EXTERMINATION OF THE HUMAN RACE!
NOW YOU SEE THAT I WAS RIGHT ALL ALONG! AND THAT IT IS NOT ME, BUT NEMESIS THE WARLOCK WHO SHOULD BE ON TRIAL!

BOOK X: THE FINAL CONFLICT
PART 7
Nemesis
OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM, THE TERMITES WAIT TO HEAR THE VERDICT ON TORQUEMADA...
THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY IN TERRA'S HISTORY! WILL THE MOST EVIL MAN IN THE GALAXY FINALLY FACE PUNISHMENT FOR HIS CRIMES?
THE JURY HAVE BEEN OUT FOR SEVEN DAYS, CONSIDERING THEIR VERDICT.
THE JUDGE HAS GIVEN THEM UNTIL TWELVE O'CLOCK TODAY TO REACH A DECISION. AND THEN...
IT'S HIGH NOON FOR TORQUEMADA!
CREDIT SCROLL
Manuscript
Brother Mills
Artwork
Brother Flint
Illumination
Brother Potter
THIS TRIAL IS THE CULMINATION OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY SEVEN MONTHS IN HUMAN HISTORY...
THE FALL OF THE IMPERIAL DYNASTY! THE FORMING OF A DEMOCRATIC TERRAN FEDERATION UNDER PRESIDENT PURITY BROWN!
AND THE START OF A NEW CIVIL WAR IN THE FRINGE WORLDS BETWEEN HUMAN AND ALIEN!
WITH ME NOW IS RAGNAR, MINISTER FOR EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL AFFAIRS, AND ONE OF THE GREAT HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.
ANY COMMENT, MINISTER, ON THE IMPENDING VERDICT?
IT IS DIFFICULT FOR ME TO SAY ANYTHING OBJECTIVE ABOUT TORQUEMADA... HAVING SPENT SO MANY YEARS IN HIS ALIEN PIT!
BUT I DO BELIEVE WE WILL SEE JUSTICE DONE TODAY. YES...

AND WHAT ABOUT THE YOUNG TERMINATORS WHO HAVE HELD A PRAYER VIGIL THROUGHOUT THIS TRIAL, CHANTING THE BANNED DEVIATUS?
WHY HAVEN'T YOU MOVED AGAINST THEM?
WE HAVE BEEN RELUCTANT TO TAKE ACTION AGAINST YOUNGSTERS WHO WEREN'T EVEN BORN WHEN TORQUEMADA BEGAN HIS REIGN OF TERROR...
"SO IT SADDENS, RATHER THAN THREATENS US, THAT – DESPITE OVERWHELMING EVIDENCE – THEY STILL BELIEVE HIS EVIL LIES...
"THEY THINK HE WAS RIGHT TO LAUNCH A GENOCIDAL CRUSADE AGAINST THE OTHER CREATURES OF THE GALAXY!"
BLEEP OUT ALIEN SCUM!
I'M PURE
ONLY FANS FOR NON-HUMANS
FEAR YOUR MAKERS JR
KEEP OUR PLANET PURE
KILL ALIEN TRASH
ONE SOLUTION
AND NOW – WITH JUST THREE MINUTES BEFORE THE VERDICT – LET'S HAVE A COMMENT FROM THE LEADER OF THOSE YOUNG TERMINATORS...
BEHELL JUNIOR, SON OF ONE OF TORQUEMADA'S TOP HENCHMEN.
I'D LIKE TO SAY THIS TRIAL IS A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE! TORQUEMADA UNITED THE HUMAN RACE! SO WE COULD FACE THE REAL ENEMY... THE FOUL ALIE BLEEP!
SO WHAT ABOUT THE MILLIONS OF EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS HE EXTERMINATED IN THE VAPOURISATION VATS?
THEY WEREN'T VATS! THEY WERE TELEPORTERS! TORQUEMADA WAS SENDING THEM BACK TO THEIR HOME PLANETS!
I MUST INTERRUPT YOU THERE! I'M GETTING WORD OF AN EXTRAORDINARY DRAMA INSIDE THE COURTROOM! THE PRESIDENT HERSELF HAS INTERVENED!

TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA... FOLLOWING THE "ACCIDENTAL" DEATH OF THE JUDGE ON HIS WAY HERE TODAY, AND THE JURY'S INABILITY TO REACH A VERDICT...
IT HAS FALLEN TO *ME* TO CONSIDER YOUR FATE.
BY YOUR ACTIONS, AND THOSE OF YOUR MISGUIDED FOLLOWERS, YOU HAVE PROVED *BEYOND* THE ABILITY OF THIS COURT TO JUDGE YOU.
THE CASE AGAINST YOU IS THEREFORE... *DISMISSED!*
EXCELLENT! I LEAVE THIS COURT A FREE MAN, WITHOUT A STAIN ON MY CHARACTER, PURE AS A YOUNG CRUSADER!
ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.
INSTEAD... I HAND YOU OVER FOR *JUDGEMENT* TO ONE FAR BETTER SUITED THAN ANY *HUMAN* TO ADMINISTER THE *RETRIBUTION* YOU SO RICHLY DESERVE.
NO! NOT HIM! *NOT HIM!*
YOU BITCH FROM HELL! I'LL BLEEP/BLEEP/BLEEP! YOU AND THEN BLEEP/BLEEP!
YOU AND ALL THE OTHER DEMON LOVERS WHO HAVE BETRAYED EARTH!

THREE MONTHS LATER, WITHIN ONE OF THE MIGHTY STALSCRAPERS OF NECROPOLIS...
WELL, TOMAS... YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE HAS COME TO PASS! YOU ARE NOW AT MY MERCY AND, AS YOU KNOW, I DO NOT POSSESS ANY!
INDEED! IT IS A BITTER DAY FOR HUMANITY!
THE EARTH BELONGS TO THE WARLOCK!
IT IS AS WELL. I SENSE YOU HAD SOME DESPERATE FINAL PLAN WHICH IT'S TOO LATE FOR YOU TO CARRY OUT.
YOU'VE FAILED, TORQUEMADA!
I HAVE WAITED, HOPING THE THOUGHT OF WHAT I WILL DO TO YOU WOULD FINALLY BREAK YOU... SO YOU BEG ME FOR FORGIVENESS!
I REALISED THAT. THAT IS WHY I'VE BEEN SCOURGING MYSELF EVERY NIGHT. CLEANSING IMPURE THOUGHTS!
PREPARING MYSELF FOR THE AGONIES YOU WILL INFLICT ON ME!
BEFORE WE GET STARTED... WATCH WHAT I DO TO YOUR EX-COMRADES!

ONE BY ONE, OTHER LEADING TERMINATOR WAR CRIMINALS WERE BROUGHT FORWARD.
THEIR HEARTS WERE TORN OUT...
AND PLACED IN THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.
THE HEARTS OF THE GUILTY WERE THROWN TO AMEMAIT, THE WARLOCK'S ALIEN "DOG".
THE HEARTLESS CORPSES THEN BECAME NEMESIS' ZOMBIE SLAVES.
WE ARE YOURS TO COMMAND, WARLOCK!
AND NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, TORQUEMADA! I'M GOING TO ENJOY RIPPING OUT YOUR HEART – IF I CAN FIND IT.
I MAY HAVE TO... RUMMAGE AROUND A LITTLE!

DO YOUR WORST! I WILL GO TO A *MARTYR'S DEATH!*
YOU ARE THE *LOSER*, NEMESIS!
OH, YOU MAY TEAR OUT MY HEART, BUT I WILL BE A *PROUD EXAMPLE* TO FUTURE GENERATIONS YET UNBORN... TO *AVENGE* ME AND MY PLANET!
THE LEGEND OF TORQUEMADA SHALL LIVE ON!
GO ON...
DOOOOO !TTTTTTTTT!
OH, I WILL! IT'S *ZOMBIE TIME*, TORQUEMADA! PREPARE TO BECOME MY *MINDLESS SLAVE* FOR ALL *ETERNITY!*
EEEEEEEEEEEEEHHHH!
LISTEN! WHAT IS THAT *DEVIL* DOING TO HIM?
IT'S OVER! *WE'RE TOO LATE!*

BOOK 8: THE FINAL CONFLICT
PART 8
NEMESIS
IT'S OVER, TORQUEMADA! YOU ARE NOW MY ZOMBIE!
AT LEAST WE CAN AVENGE THE GRAND MASTER AND DESTROY NEMESIS!
FIRE!
CREDIT SCROLL
MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills
ARTWORK
Brother Flint
ILLUMINATION
Brother Potter
KRUMP!
IT SEEMS WE HAVE COMPANY!
LATER FOR YOU, TORQUEMADA...
HERE, AMEMAIT! ENJOY HIS HEART!

GULP!
BUT THE ZOMBIE STILL RETAINS THE FANATICAL ESSENCE OF TORQUEMADA.
IT STABS THE BEAST TO DEATH WITH THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.
AND RETRIEVES THE HEART.

THE SAME OCCULT FORCES THAT ALLOWED NEMESIS TO REMOVE HIS HEART, ENABLE TORQUEMADA TO REPLACE IT.
MY HEART WAS NEVER MY WEAK SPOT ANYWAY!
AND NOW TO GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE!
WAIT! INTRUDER! IT IS... FORBIDDEN TO LEAVE!
THE... WARLOCK... COMMANDS IT.
DON'T YOU RECOGNISE ME, MY TERMINATORS? TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA!
REMEMBER YOUR PERSONAL OATH OF LOYALTY TO ME, WRITTEN IN YOUR BLOOD?
"WE MUST... ALWAYS OBEY YOU... GRAND MASTER."
THAT'S RIGHT. AND NOW WE'VE GOT THAT STRAIGHT...
IT'S PAYBACK TIME!

CLEANSE AND PURIFY!
TORQUEMADA! HE'S STILL ALIVE! HE REALLY MUST BE A GOD!
I AM INDEED!
AND NOW THE UNRIGHTEOUS ONE SHALL SUFFER MY DIVINE WRATH!

WE ARE YOURS TO COMMAND, TORQUEMADA!
NATURALLY. BUT WE'LL NEVER GET OUT THAT WAY. LET'S TRY OUTSIDE.
WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I ACCOMPANIED MY FATHER, BROTHER BEHELL, ON PILGRIMAGES TO YOUR TEMPLE – THE HYPOGEUM!
I NEVER DREAMT I WOULD ONE DAY MEET YOU!
SAVE YOUR FASCINATING CHILDHOOD MEMORIES FOR LATER...
INSTRUCT YOUR YOUNG TERMINATORS TO CONTINUE DIVERSIONARY FIRE... AND SACRIFICE THEIR LIVES FOR ME!
OF COURSE, GRAND MASTER!
AH, THE BLITZSPEAR... JUST WHAT I NEED...

NOW IF YOUR GUNS ARE CAPABLE OF BREAKING IN HERE, THEY SHOULD PENETRATE THE BLITZSPEAR'S ARMOUR.
PIERCE THE ANIMAL'S SOFT FLESH UNDERNEATH!
YES!
EEEEEHHHHH!
EXCELLENT! I SHALL ESCAPE IN THE BLITZSPEAR TO THE FRINGE WORLDS!
RAISE A NEW ARMY AND RETURN TO RECLAIM THE THRONE OF TERMIGHT!
HE'S GOT THE BLITZSPEAR! HE'S GOT SETH!

TORQUEMADA GETTING AWAY! I CAN'T STOP HIM WITHOUT WOUNDING THE BLITZSPEAR!
ACCURSED HUMANS! YOU HAVE BEEN A THORN IN MY FLESH FOR TOO LONG!
BOOK 8: THE FINAL CONFLICT
PART 9
SLEEPLESS
FAR TOO LONG!
A WEEK LATER, IN A STALSCRAPER IN NECROPOLIS.
GRAND MASTER! WE HAVE BRIBED THE GUARDS AT THE BLACKHOLE BYPASS.
YOU CAN ESCAPE IN THE BLITZSPEAR AND BEGIN YOUR FIGHT BACK FROM THE FRINGE WORLDS.
EXCELLENT! I HAVE CUT THROUGH ITS CEREBRAL NODULES, SO IT HAS FINALLY ACCEPTED ME AS ITS NEW MASTER.
ALTHOUGH IT IS STILL CAPABLE OF FEELING CONSIDERABLE PAIN!
YES – ITS SCREAMS KEPT ME AWAKE AGAIN LAST NIGHT.
I HAD TO DO MORE... WORK ON THE BRUTE. SO I COULD LEARN ALL ITS SECRETS.
CREDIT SCROLL
MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills
ARTWORK
Brother Flint
ILLUMINATION
Brother Potter

THERE'S A POLICE PATROL COMING THIS WAY! WE MUST GO, YOUR HOLINESS!
ONE MOMENT..! THERE' S A DEVIANT SPECIES I RECOGNISE ON THE T.V....
PRESIDENT PURITY BROWN HAS JUST SIGNED A TRADE AGREEMENT WITH THE NAGAS...
UNDER THE TERMS OF THE AGREEMENT, THE NAGAS WILL BE PERMITTED TO SETTLE ON EARTH. TWO MILLION ARE EXPECTED HERE SHORTLY...
THE NAGAS?! THOSE DEVIANT FILTH!
PURE
ON BEHALF OF ALL HUMANITY, WE WISH TO FORGET OUR PAST DIFFERENCES AND WELCOME THE NAGAS AS FRIENDS.
SO IT'S COME TO THIS! ALL MY WORK! ALL MY EFFORTS! ALL MY DREADFUL WARNINGS WERE FOR...
NOTHING!
WHEN TORQUEMADA WAS A BOY, HE HAD BEEN CAPTURED AND BRUTALLY TREATED BY THE NAGAS AND THEIR MANTICORES.
HE HAD ESCAPED BY SEIZING A MANTICORE'S TONGUE BETWEEN HIS TEETH, SO THE BEAST COULDN'T CLOSE ITS JAWS ON HIM.
THEN HE RIPPED IT OUT...
...AND STABBED THE MONSTER TO DEATH WITH ONE OF ITS OWN SPIKES.

GRAND MASTER! THE POLICE ARE OUTSIDE!
INCREDIBLE! I – THE PROTECTOR AND SAVIOUR OF HUMANITY – HAVE BECOME A FUGITIVE!
NAGA AND HUMAN DNA ARE SIMILAR. SO THEY ARE THOUGHT LIKELY TO SUCCESSFULLY BREED WITH US, ONCE TORQUEMADA'S PURITY LAWS HAVE BEEN OFFICIALLY REPEALED.
THEN ALL HUMAN AND E.T. RELATIONSHIPS WILL BE PERMITTED.
SO IT'S COME TO THIS! TRUCKING WITH THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL ALLOWED! OH, THAT I SHOULD HAVE TO LISTEN TO SUCH FILTH!
OPEN UP! WE'VE HAD REPORTS OF AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL BEING ILL-TREATED IN THERE!
TORQUEMADA!
TRAITORS! ALIEN LOVERS! YOU DID NOT HEED MY HOLY WORDS: BE PURE!
AAAHH!
BE VIGILANT!
BEHAVE!

HURRY, YOUR HOLINESS!
WAIT! LET ME KISS THE SACRED MAGMA OF MY BELOVED TERMIGHT...
FOR THE LAST TIME!
"THE LAST TIME"? BUT SURELY YOU WILL RETURN? AS YOU HAVE RETURNED SO MANY TIMES IN THE PAST.
NO, I'M FINISHED. NOW HUMANITY HAS CHOSEN TO DEMEAN ITSELF WITH DEVIANTS...
...IT WILL BECOME IMPURE, LIKE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.
I'M NOT COMING BACK.
INSTEAD, I SHALL USE MY... DOOMSDAY DEVICE.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND GRAND... UGH!
YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE, BEHELL. SO YOU WILL NOT BE ALIVE TO WITNESS MY FINAL ACT...
THE VENGEANCE OF TORQUEMADA!

THE PALACE OF THE PRESIDENT OF TERMIGHT.
NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING! NEMESIS ARRIVING BY *TAXI!*
YEAH – I HEARD A RUMOUR TORQUEMADA STOLE HIS BLITZSPEAR!
AH, NEMESIS...
ANY NEWS, RAGNAR? HAVE YOU FOUND SETH YET?
WE'RE USING ALL AVAILABLE FORCES TO LOOK FOR HIM.
BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TORQUEMADA'S TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HIS *INVISIBILITY FIELD* TO ELUDE US.
I KNOW HE'S STILL ALIVE. BUT HE'S IN *SO MUCH PAIN*, IT' S *TOO MUCH*, EVEN FOR ME. I CAN'T HOME IN ON HIS SIGNAL.
MADAM PRESIDENT!
WE'VE A SIGHTING AT LAST! THE BLITZSPEAR'S BEEN SPOTTED ALONG "AUTOPSY UNDERPASS"!
THAT MEANS TORQUEMADA'S HEADING FOR *OVERLAND!* HE'LL SURFACE NEAR THE *HYPOGEUM*.
A SHRINE FOR TERMINATOR PILGRIMS! *WHY* IS HE GOING THERE?
GET ME A PAIR OF *POWER PONTOONS*. I'M GOING AFTER HIM!

WAIT. NEMESIS! HE COULD HAVE REACHED THERE *UNDETECTED!*
HE MUST WANT YOU TO FOLLOW HIM... TO LURE YOU INTO A *TRAP!*
OF *COURSE*. WHEN THE ODDS ARE AGAINST TORQUEMADA THAT'S WHEN HE'S AT HIS MOST DANGEROUS.
GOODBYE, RAGNAR... I SENSE I AM LEAVING YOU FOREVER... BUT... THE MOMENT HAS BEEN *PREPARED* FOR.
THERE IS... *ONE WILL WHO COME AFTER ME.*
GOODBYE, PURITY.
NEMESIS.
HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT TORQUEMADA'S PLANNING?
I CAN'T BE SURE. BUT I SENSE THE GALAXY FACES ITS *GREATEST THREAT*.
AND – WHATEVER HAPPENS – FOR TORQUEMADA AND I – IT REALLY WILL BE...
THE END.

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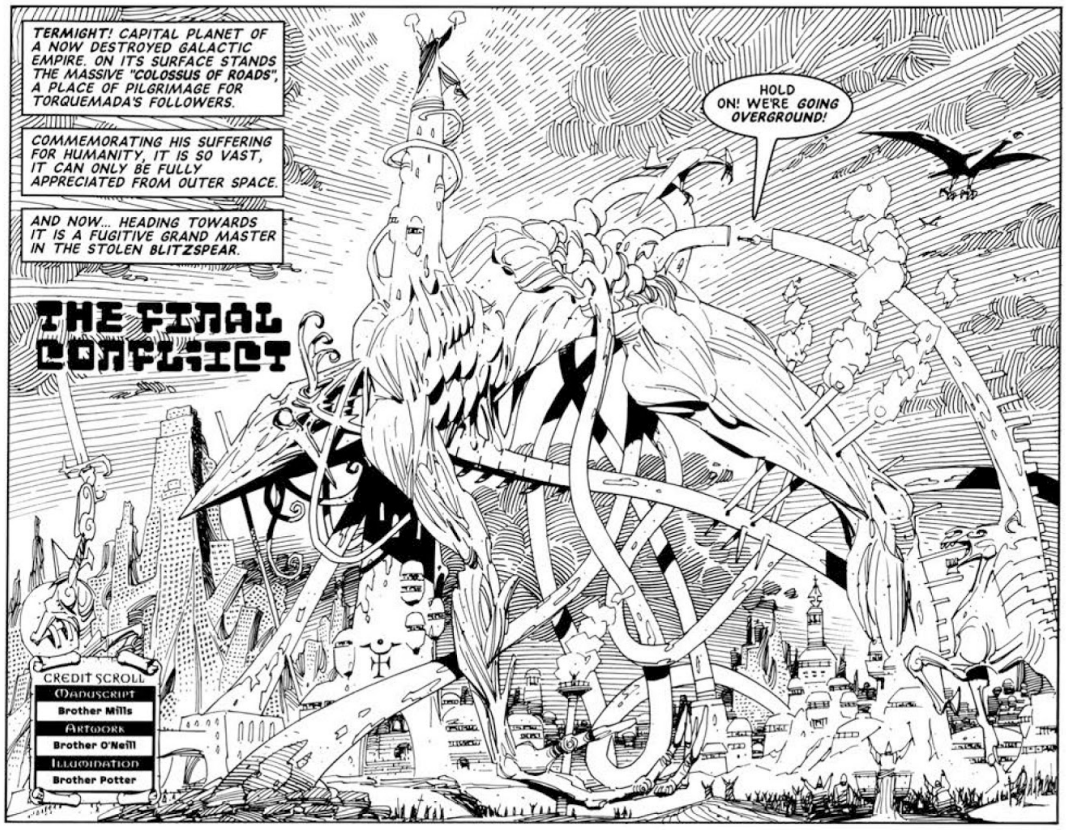

TERMIGHT! CAPITAL PLANET OF A NOW DESTROYED GALACTIC EMPIRE. ON ITS SURFACE STANDS THE MASSIVE "COLOSSUS OF ROADS", A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE FOR TORQUEMADA'S FOLLOWERS.
COMMEMORATING HIS SUFFERING FOR HUMANITY, IT IS SO VAST, IT CAN ONLY BE FULLY APPRECIATED FROM OUTER SPACE.
AND NOW... HEADING TOWARDS IT IS A FUGITIVE GRAND MASTER IN THE STOLEN BLITZSPEAR.
THE FINAL CONFLICT
HOLD ON! WE'RE GOING OVERGROUND!
CREDIT SCROLL
MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills
ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill
ILLUMINATION
Brother Potter

THE BLITZSPEAR TRIES TO KILL TORQUEMADA BY SMASHING INTO THE TUBE WALL...

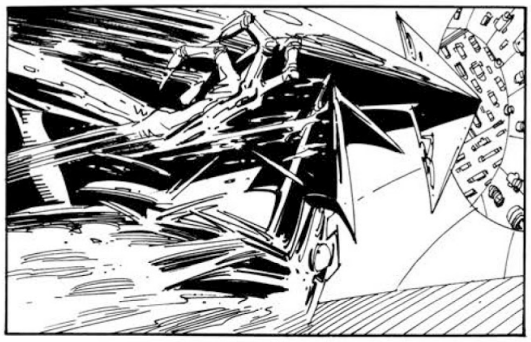
THE BRUTES STILL SHOWING SOME SPIRIT!
HAVE TO... CUT OFF IT'S NEURAL SACS!

THAT'S BETTER... AND SOON I'LL REACH THE HYPOGEUM WHERE I CAN CARRY OUT MY VENGEANCE!
EEEEHHH!

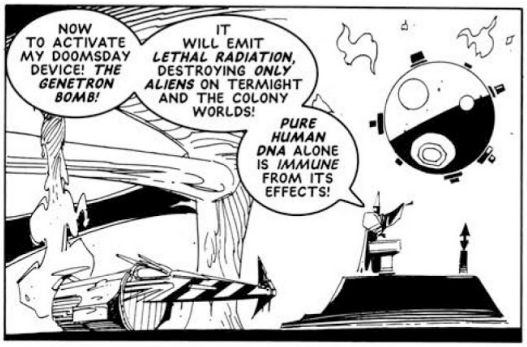
HE IS HOTLY PURSUED BY HIS ARCH-ENEMY... NEMESIS!

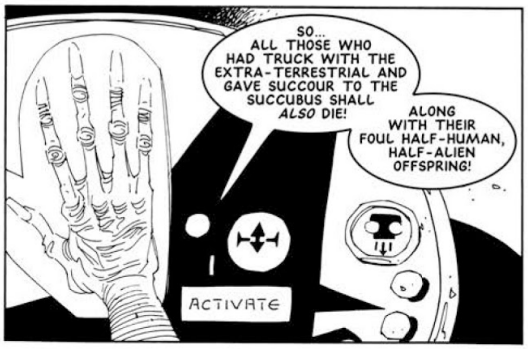
YOUR TIME HAS COME, TORQUEMADA!
I SLAY
I SLAY
I SLAY
NOT YET, DEMON!
BUT YOUR TIME IS NIGH AT... THE STATION OF THE CROSSROADS!
AUTOTOPSY GORGE
HIS 'N' HERNIA
AT THE STATION, TERMINATORS ENTER A GUESS CHAMBER... TO RELIVE THEIR MESSIAH'S TORMENTS...
WILL I BE BURNT AT THE STAKE..? VAPOURISED IN THE TELEPORTER...? OR START TO ROT..?
I WOULD GO THROUGH ALL THOSE HORRORS IF HE WOULD ONLY RETURN!
THE BLITZSPEAR! HIS GREATEST ORDEAL!
STOP
I'M With HYMN
I'T COULD BE VERSE
BAD
BOOK
PILGRIMS..! HAVE TO BLAST THEM OUT OF MY WAY!
AAAAAHH! WILLINGLY WE SUFFER AS YOU SUFFERED, TORQUEMADA!
STOP
TORQUEMADA?!
OUR SACRIFICES WERE NOT IN VAIN! HE HAS RETURNED TO FREE US FROM THE DEVIANTS!

HE LIVES! TORQUEMADA LIVES!
YES...
ACTIVATED BY AUTH. PERS. ONLY
...AND NEMESIS DIES!
DASTARD!
HE TORQUES TO ME
YOU'LL PAY NOW FOR YOUR CRIMES!
BUT TORQUEMADA SLAMS ON THE RETRO-SKIDS....
HEART BY PASS
KRUNCH!



HE ENTERS THE HYPOGEUM... HIS HOLY OF HOLIES.
TORQUER A LESSON
VILE BODY
HOW APT THE WARLOCK SHOULD BE RUN OVER BY HIS OWN BLITZSPEAR! WELL... HE ALWAYS SAID THEY WERE AS ONE!


NOW TO ACTIVATE MY DOOMSDAY DEVICE! THE GENETRON BOMB!
IT WILL EMIT LETHAL RADIATION, DESTROYING ONLY ALIENS ON TERMIGHT AND THE COLONY WORLDS!
PURE HUMAN DNA ALONE IS IMMUNE FROM ITS EFFECTS!


SO... ALL THOSE WHO HAD TRUCK WITH THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL AND GAVE SUCCOUR TO THE SUCCUBUS SHALL ALSO DIE!
ALONG WITH THEIR FOUL HALF-HUMAN, HALF-ALIEN OFFSPRING!
ACTIVATE

IT IS...
MY FINAL SOLUTION!

THEY SHOULD HAVE HEEDED MY HOLY WORDS! *BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!*
NO!
SO *YOU'RE* STILL AROUND...? *GOOD! IN ONE MINUTE'S TIME,* YOU CAN BE THE BOMB'S FIRST VICTIM... ALTHOUGH BY THE LOOK OF YOU, YOU'RE 90% DEAD ALREADY!
NO DOUBT YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I DIDN'T USE IT BEFORE?
BECAUSE... WITHOUT A COMMON ENEMY, THE TERMITES WOULD HAVE TURNED ON *ME!*
I *NEEDED* THEIR HATRED AND FEAR TO RULE!
BUT IN YOUR BLITZSPEAR I WILL FIND A *NEW* EMPIRE TO RULE OVER!
ARE YOU STILL LISTENING? WAVE ONE CHARRED ARM IF YOU UNDERSTAND!
MAAAAARP!
THE BOMB BEGINS TO PULSE... BUT NEMESIS USES HIS REMAINING NECROMANTIC POWERS...
THROUGH THE... *POWER* OF *THE KANAGA,* ℋ, I... DRAW THE EXPLOSION *INTO MYSELF..!*
...AND *TORQUEMADA!*
HAH! I HAVE ALWAYS KEPT MYSELF *PURE!* THE BOMB *CANNOT* HARM ME!
BUT WHEN I RAKED YOU WITH MY CLAWS, *YOU* BECAME CONTAMINATED WITH MY *ALIEN DNA!*

AS IT IMPLODES, ALL ARE MELDED TOGETHER...
YES, TORQUEMADA, YOU AND I ARE ABOUT TO BECOME THE MAIN EVENT HORIZON OF YOUR BOMB!
TRUCK! NO!
THEY ARE HURLED INTO THE UNDERGROUND...
WHERE THE GHOSTLY SHIP DRIVES THROUGH THE TUBES FOR ALL ETERNITY!
SOME TERMITES WHO SEE IT CLAIM THEY HEAR SCREAMS... AND A VOICE CRYING: "WHEN WILL IT EVER END?"... AND ANOTHER VOICE REPLYING:
"NEVER".
ELMER! HAVE YOU TAKEN ANOTHER WRONG TURNING?
BUT THIS MUST BE THEIR IMAGINATION. FOR NEMESIS AND TORQUEMADA ARE FINALLY DEAD... FOR ALL TIME.
THE SHIP HEADS THROUGH THE BLACK HOLE BYPASS INTO THE GALAXY BEYOND...
THEN LOOPS BACK TO EARTH AGAIN... AND AGAIN... AND AGAIN...
ONE BILLION YEARS LATER...
BE PURE
BE·VIGILANT
BEREAVE!
MILLS
THE END
O'NEILL

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AFTERWORD

There have never been, and never will be adversaries with the commitment of Nemesis and Torquemada. And nowhere but the UK would receive Nemesis, a green, cloven-hoofed demon with a phallus for a neck and a spaceship for a face; a warlock who hates humanity in its entirety and has no sympathy even for children, and embrace him like a true hero (or anti-hero?).

Nemesis was my first major commission after two Future Shocks and, just approaching my twentieth birthday, a daunting prospect to be working with the mighty Pat Mills. With slightly trembling hands I tore open the envelope and a white fan of twelve scripts spread across my floor. And so it began. Pat and I are both very driven, and that creative clashing of swords can't help but spark off my imagination. And if Pat's feeling the art he'll raise the bar, and so it evolves until the tale is told.

Taking up the baton from luminaries such as O'Neill and Talbot, I had to soak everything up over the weekend and reached the conclusion that my task was to keep that Eagle Award for Torquemada, Best British Villain – it had to be!

Torquemada is a madman, a zealot and unfortunately a very powerful ruler of the human race. Like some diamond-headed fascist on steroids he rages at us about purity, order and morality with all the seething venom that Pat is the master of expressing on the page. For me the beauty is back to front. Nemesis, the Don of Disorder and arcane Lord of Chaos, is the far more composed of the two throughout. I guess that's the freedom of Chaos. On the other hand, while Torquemada is obsessed with order, he rants, rages and will go to any lengths to prove to himself and the entire human race that alien blood from no other planet or galaxy will ever taint the purity of the Termights. He's far more out of control.

One important thing both characters have in common is that they will stop at nothing to kill the other. They've already dispensed with each other's offspring so the beef is definitely ON and they both relish every moment! Their mutual orbit of violence is seen from a distance by Purity Brown, who is irresistibly drawn to Nemesis. In Death Bringer Purity Brown is one of the most memorable kick-ass intelligent heroines from Pat's stable. For me she was a very important part of the strip and I loved drawing her – she was a very sexy lady. She loves Nemesis but sensing she is just being used and not part of his plan, her devotion to him turns to disillusionment and, realising the magnitude of his inhuman agenda she discovers her own humanity as a result. The last page where she leaves him is one of my favourites as initially I tried to portray Nemesis as the jilted lover, but the Nemesis I know wouldn't care, which is why she is able to walk away.

Torquemada kept his award and I kept my job. I've thoroughly enjoyed working with Pat on subsequent *2000 AD* strips in *Crisis*, *Judge Dredd* and on other stories such as *Torturer* (Extreme) and *Zombie World* (Dark Horse). He's a pioneer, a visionary powerhouse of ideas. Pat's ability to create and destroy worlds never ceases to amaze me. His characters are iconic and legendary; why aren't we seeing them on the move? Sláine or Nemesis on the big screen in CGI or a black and white classic Judge Dredd movie where he DOESN'T take his helmet off? Awesome.

Chaos.

John Hicklenton

BONUS MATERIAL

WARLOCKS AND WIZARDS

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Carl Critchlow
Illumination: G Robson

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 700

THE ENIGMASS VARIATIONS

Manuscript: Pat Mills & Tony Skinner
Artwork: Carl Critchlow
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 723-729

BRIDE OF THE WARLOCK

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Chris Weston
Illumination: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *2000 AD* Winter Special 1992

AFTER SAVING TERRA*, THE ABC WARRIORS SET OFF TO BRING KHAOS TO THE GALAXY. BUT FIRST, DEADLOCK INSISTS THEY PAY A VISIT TO GANDARVA IN THE NETHER WORLDS...
THIS PLACE LOOKS PRETTY KHAOTIC ALREADY. WHY DID YOU BRING US HERE, DEADLOCK ?
THERE'S SOMEONE HERE I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH...
* THARG NOTE: SEE PROGS 555–581.

HE WHO BETRAYED KHAOS BY FORCING ME TO SAVE TERRA— THE VERY CRUCIBLE OF ORDER.
"THERE HE IS...PUTTING FRESH HUMANS ON HIS WIFE'S GRAVE."
NEMESIS
DEADLOCK
in WARLOCKS & WIZARDS
2000 AD Credit Card
Script PAT MILLS
Art C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering G. ROBSON

AH! SO THERE YOU ARE. YOU'RE LATE.
EXCELLENT.
COME TO MY DONJON AND HAVE SOME REFRESHMENTS.
PERHAPS I CAN OFFER YOU A HUMAN OR TWO TO TORTURE?
DON'T MIND IF I DO. I LIKE TO KEEP IN PRACTISE.
NOT WHILE I'M ON DUTY, SIR.
AND MEK-QUAKE...HE— HE LIKE TO WATCH! YEAH!
NOT FOR ME—BUT I'D QUITE LIKE TO MUCK OUT THEIR CAGES.
PERHAPS MONGROL AND JOE PINEAPPLES WOULD LIKE TO GO TO MY BATTLE ROOM WHERE I CAN OFFER THEM A RANGE OF ROLE-PLAYING GAMES WITH REAL WORKING HUMANS...
MY ASSISTANTS WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY.
I THINK I'LL JUST STICK WITH THE ASSISTANTS.

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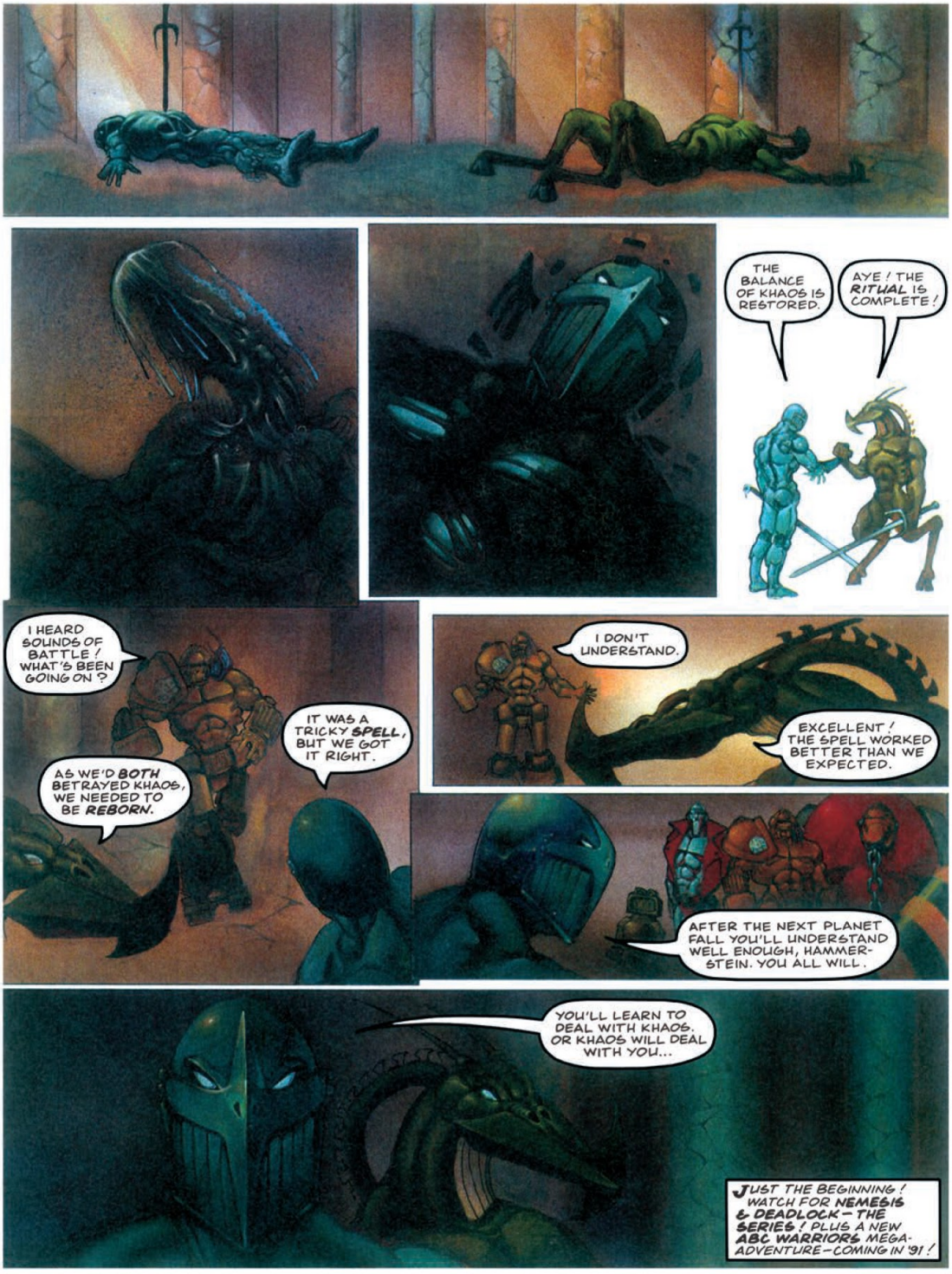
AND NOW FOR OUR GAME, DEADLOCK...
IT'S NO GAME, WARLOCK. IT'S DEADLY SERIOUS.
ALL THE BEST GAMES ARE.
YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE?
YOU DID A GOOD JOB SAVING THE BLACKHOLE BYPASS. DO YOU REQUIRE PAYMENT?
YES— IN YOUR BLOOD.
FAIR ENOUGH. LET'S GET ON WITH IT, SHALL WE?
VERY WELL. BUT LET US AT LEAST OBSERVE THE RULES OF CHIVALRY AND SALUTE ONE ANOTHER BEFORE COMBAT BEGINS.
RULE NUMBER ONE—THE CHIVALROUS GET HURT FIRST!

A SLIMY TRICK—HERE'S MINE!
PLOP!
SSZZZ
IS THAT YOUR BEST SHOT? THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE SO LONG AFTER ALL!
KCHUNGG

EEEHHHH!
AAAAHHHH!
NOW?
NOW!


THE BALANCE OF KHAOS IS RESTORED.
AYE! THE RITHAL IS COMPLETE!
I HEARD SOUNDS OF BATTLE! WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON?
IT WAS A TRICKY SPELL, BUT WE GOT IT RIGHT.
AS WE'D BOTH BETRAYED KHAOS, WE NEEDED TO BE REBORN.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
EXCELLENT! THE SPELL WORKED BETTER THAN WE EXPECTED.
AFTER THE NEXT PLANET FALL YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WELL ENOUGH, HAMMERSTEIN. YOU ALL WILL.
YOU'LL LEARN TO DEAL WITH KHAOS. OR KHAOS WILL DEAL WITH YOU...
JUST THE BEGINNING! WATCH FOR NEMESIS & DEADLOCK – THE SERIES! PLUS A NEW ABC WARRIORS MEGA-ADVENTURE – COMING IN '91!

NEMESIS
and
DEADLOCK
THE ENIGMASS VARIATIONS
2000 AD Credit Card
Script PAT MILLS/ TONY SKINNER
Art CARL CRITCHLOW
Lettering STEVE POTTER
I WASN'T GOING TO STAY FOR THE FESTIVAL OF KALIGO...*
*THARGNOTE: SEE PROG 700.

WELL, I WASN'T GOING TO ASK YOU.
BUT AS THE PREVIOUS REPRESENTATIVE FOR KHAOS MAGIC IS STILL ON NOVA-AMSTERDAM IN THE RED LIGHT SYSTEM, YOU MIGHT AS WELL TAKE HIS PLACE...
...FOR THE GRAND CONVENTION OF NECROMANCERS, MAGICIANS AND WITCHES FROM THE FIVE CORNERS OF THE GALAXY.
AH! I SEE AN OLD FRIEND ALREADY. HOW'S TRICKS, TANTRIKA?
COME HERE AND FIND OUT...
SO WHO'S THE JERK WITH THE WARD-ROBE?
ARE YOU ADDRESSING YOUR REMARKS TO AN IPSISSIMUS WHOSE MEREST GESTURE COULD MEAN OBLIVION TO THE PROFANE?

LO, MORTALS! QUAKE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE MASTER OF ICE AND FIRE, LORD OF THULE AND HERALD OF THE NEW ORDER!
HI, BLONDIE— LEND US YOUR HAIRSPRAY...
ER— IF WE CAN PROCEED TO THE INNER SANCTUM?
WELCOME, MY FRIENDS, TO THE FESTIVAL OF KALIGO IN WHICH WE— THE MOST POWERFUL SORCERERS IN THE GALAXY— MEET TO DETERMINE THE MORAL AMBIENCE... THE SPIRITUAL FLAVOUR FOR THE NEXT MILLENNIUM...
LET US BEGIN BY EACH OF YOU INTRODUCING YOURSELF... AND OUTLINING YOUR PLANS FOR THE FUTURE OF THE COSMOS...

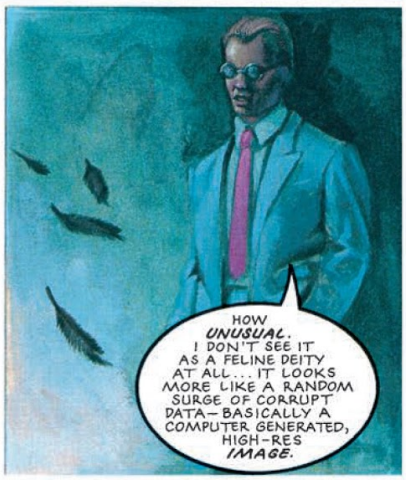
I CANNOT REVEAL MY TRUE NAME TO THOSE OF AN INFERIOR MAGICAL RANK ... BUT YOU MAY CALL ME ALISTAIR STRANGE, SECRET DOCTOR OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE OF THE GREAT MYSTERIOUS SECRET.
MY PLANS FOR THE COSMOS ARE OF GREAT IMPORT AND WILL BE REVEALED TO YOU IN GOOD TIME.
BUT FOR NOW... THEY MUST REMAIN A SECRET.
MY NAME IS DORK LOHENGRIM, OBERMEISTER OF THE GRAND ORDER OF ODIN, HOLDER OF THE SPEAR OF DESTINY, ONE OF THE GREAT TREASURES OF LEMURIA AND MU.
REMEMBER ME WELL, MORTALS.
MY PLAN IS TO LEAD THE SEVENTH ROOT RACE TO ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE AS MASTERS OF THE GALAXY!
I AM TANTRIKA... QUEEN OF THE TEMPLE OF STRIPUGA...
I WANT TO BRING THE RITES OF MAITHUNA AND THE DELIGHTS OF SOMA TO THE EARTHLY MASSES.
AND IF YOU'RE NOT SURE WHAT THEY ARE, COME AND SEE ME AFTER-WARDS...

YO, GUYS! THE NAME'S CLIVE CURSOR, FIRST OCCULTECH OF THE HOUSE OF THE GREAT PROGRAM... NUMBER ONE TECHNO-PAGAN AT YOUR SERVICE.
I'M HERE TO PUSH BUTTONS... I WANT EVERY DEMON ON FILE WITH MODEM HOOK-UPS FROM SYSTEM TO SYSTEM, USING MARK THREE OMNI LANGUAGE ...AND ERASE ALL THE GOOD GUYS FROM THE PROGRAM.
I'M RUSALKA, PRINCESS OF THE SILVER ELVES AND SONGSTRESS TO THE GENTLE RAINBOW PEOPLE.
PLEASE... PUT ASIDE ALL THESE HORRIBLE PLANS FOR DARKNESS AND WICKEDNESS ...LOVE IS THE ONLY WAY FORWARD...
LET'S ALL HOLD HANDS AND TALK TO THE FLOWERS TOGETHER.
BARF!
HEEAVE!
RALPH!
HUGHIE!

AMONGST MY TRIBE, I AM KNOWN AS... PAY-OET...
RIDER ON THE WINDS OF PERCEPTION AND PRINCIPAL SHAMAN OF MY PEOPLE.
MY VISION IS THAT EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE COSMOS BE LED BY THE GUARDIAN SPIRITS TO A HEIGHTENED STATE OF AWARENESS AND FIND COMMUNION WITH THE GREAT OLD ONES WHO...
...HOLD! AN ATTACKER APPROACHES!
HE'S RIGHT... I FEEL IT, TOO... A MALEVOLENT, RAVENOUS ENTITY.
YES, I SENSED IT A FEW SECONDS AGO...
BUT NOTHING CAN GET THROUGH MY PSYCHIC DEFENCE FIELD...
UNLESS... IT WAS INVITED BY SOMEONE HERE...

NEXT PROG: **THE ENIGMASS**

THE GREAT CAT! THE DEVIL GOD OF OUR PEOPLE!
2000 AD Credit Card
Script PAT MILLS / TONY SKINNER
Art CARL CRITCHLOW
Lettering STEVE POTTER


HOW UNUSUAL. I DON'T SEE IT AS A FELINE DEITY AT ALL... IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A RANDOM SURGE OF CORRUPT DATA—BASICALLY A COMPUTER GENERATED, HIGH-RES IMAGE.

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HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? IT'S NONE OTHER THAN THE GREAT BEAST HIMSELF! I.O. ...I.O.... PAN.
WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS? IT'S QUITE CLEARLY THE DRAGON FAFNIR.
WELL, I CALL IT AN ENIGMASS... WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE DEPENDS ON WHICH MYTHOS YOU ENDORSE.
THIS IS TERRIBLE... YOU'RE ALL JUST STANDING THERE WHILE THE POOR MAN'S BEING TORN APART!
AREN'T YOU GOING TO DO ANY-THING?
I AM DOING SOME-THING...
I'M WATCHING.
THIS IS GREAT. IT ISN'T EVERY DAY I SEE THE MONAD ATTACKING SOMEBODY ELSE FOR A CHANGE. WHAT DO YOU SEE THE ENIGMASS AS, NEMESIS?
I SEE IT FOR WHAT IT IS... AN INTRUDER. AND IT'S MAKING A MESS OF MY TEMPLE.

ROWWR!
REEOWR!
HSSSK!
SHLEK!
HSSSSS!

ROWWR!
SHLIKK!
WELL DONE, SIR! YOU'VE SLAIN THE DRAGON... BUT NOW LET'S GET BACK TO OUR WORK.
I MAY HAVE KILLED IT FOR *NOW*, BUT I THINK IT WILL *RETURN*...
AND I WANT TO KNOW WHICH OF *YOU* LET THE THING IN...

YOU DARE TO SUGGEST AN ADEPTUS EXEMPTUS WOULD BE GUILTY OF SUCH BASE TREACHERY?
WELL, TREACHERY'S OKAY FOR THE PASHU HERD, BUT I DON'T FOUL MY OWN NEST.
IT— IT WAS HORRIBLE. I WANT TO GO HOME.
DON'T WORRY, SWEET THING. US GIRLS HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER. I'LL LOOK AFTER YOU...
A KNIGHT ILLUMINATE WOULD NEVER INDULGE IN SUCH UNCHIVALROUS BEHAVIOUR.
IF I WANTED TO DESTROY YOU ALL, I WOULD SIMPLY UNSHEATH THE SPEAR OF DESTINY.
OH, PUT IT AWAY...
TECHNICALLY SPEAKING, OUR SYSTEM HAS BEEN INVADED BY A PSYCHIC VIRUS PROGRAM.
ALTHOUGH IT ISN'T ME, THERE'S DEFINITELY A HACKER IN OUR MIDST.
SO WHO DOES THAT LEAVE..?
LET'S SEE...

WHY... MY FRIEND DEAD-LOCK!
ONE OF YOUR LITTLE ACTS OF KHAOS, PERHAPS..?
PERHAPS... UNLESS, OF COURSE...
...IT WAS YOU, NEMESIS.
SOME BORING TEST, PERHAPS?
YOU ALWAYS HAD A PREDILECTION FOR THEM.
WELL, WHOEVER IS RESPONSIBLE... THEY'VE BROUGHT THE ENIGMASS BACK AGAIN...
...BUT I THINK WE CAN ERASE DORK COHENGRIM FROM THE MENU OF SUSPECTS.

NEXT PROG: WARLOCK HOLMES INVESTIGATES

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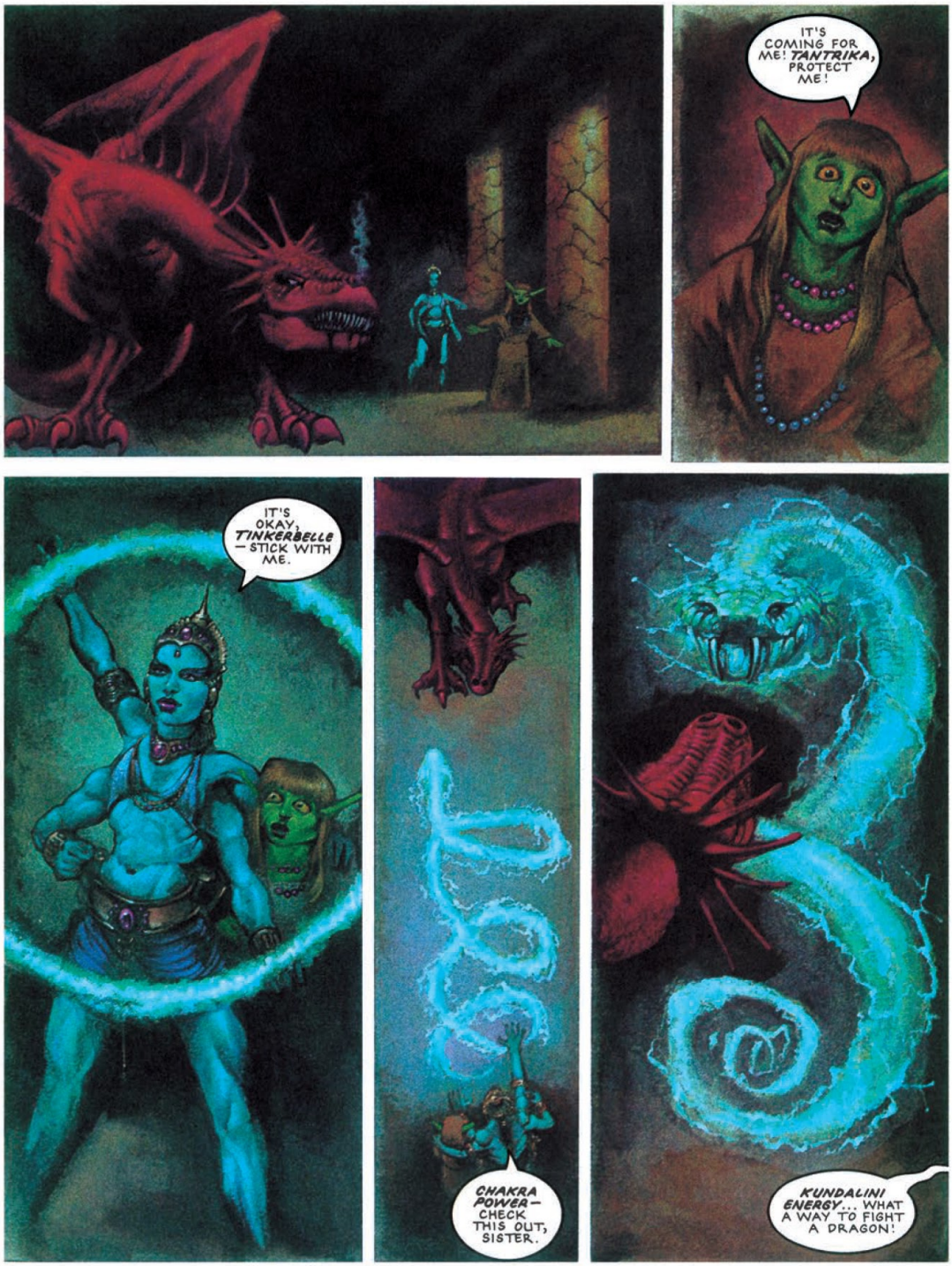
Nemesis
and
DEADLOCK
THE ENIGMASS VARIATIONS PART 3
NOTHING CAN WITHSTAND THE SPEAR OF DESTINY! FORGED BY ANCIENT HANDS WHEN MAN WAS BUT A MEWING CHILD!
2000 AD Credit Card
Script PAT MILLS/ TONY SKINNER
Art CARL CRITCHLOW
Lettering STEVE POTTER

KLANG!


IT'S COMING FOR ME! TANTRIKA, PROTECT ME!
IT'S OKAY, TINKERBELLE — STICK WITH ME.
CHAKRA POWER— CHECK THIS OUT, SISTER.
KUNDALINI ENERGY... WHAT A WAY TO FIGHT A DRAGON!

IT'S AFTER YOU NOW, DOC— YOU'D BETTER PULL SOME KIND OF RABBIT OUT THE HAT!
MY POWERS ARE SO VAST THAT I DARE NOT UNLEASH THEM ON THIS MATERIAL PLANE.
ER...COULD YOU HANDLE THIS ONE FOR ME, DEADLOCK?

SKREEEE...!!

'TIS A SHAME... IT'S GONE BEFORE I COULD TAKE OVER FROM DEADLOCK.
IT WILL BE BACK... WHICHEVER OF YOU IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS INTERESTING DIVERSION CLEARLY INTENDS TO WIPE OUT THE REST OF US.
KLAK-KLAK!
YEAH, WELL, WHEN IT DOES, I'VE GOT MY LAP-TOP P.C. READY AND ONE SERIOUS SOFTWARE PACKAGE TO DE-BUG THIS CREATURE OUT OF OUR SYSTEM!
TO DESTROY THIS ENIGMASS, CLEARLY WE HAVE TO FIGHT THE SORCERER RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS MANIFESTATIONS. AND TO DO THAT WE MUST DEDUCE WHO IT IS.
ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR NEMESIS...
...YOU WILL MAKE AN ADEQUATE ASSISTANT WHILE I SOLVE THIS CHARMING LITTLE PROBLEM.
I'M NOT PLAYING WATSON TO YOUR SHERLOCK-DEADLOCK ROUTINE.
WARLOCK HOLMES WILL SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE ENIGMASS VARIATIONS!

NEXT: QOBBLERS!

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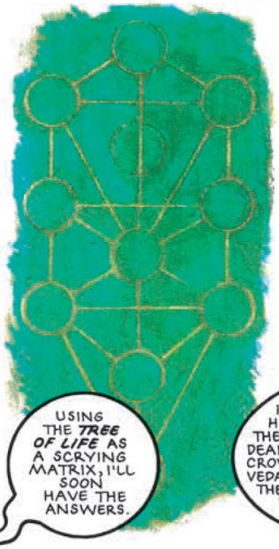
NEMESIS
DEADLOCK
THE ENIGMASS VARIATIONS PART 4
DON'T WORRY— MY P.C. WILL DISCOVER THE TRUE IDENTITY OF THE ENIGMASS...
2000 AD Credit Card
Script PAT MILLS/ TONY SKINNER
Art CARL CRITCHLOW
Lettering STEVE POTTER

...AND THE SORCERER WHO BROUGHT IT HERE.
KLACK! KLACK!

I'VE FED IN ALL OUR PERSONAL DATA PLUS AN ENERGY SAMPLE FROM THE ENIGMASS.


USING THE TREE OF LIFE AS A SCRYING MATRIX, I'LL SOON HAVE THE ANSWERS.

BLASPHEMER! YOU HAVE THE TREE OF LIFE— THE SACRED QABBALAH— ON YOUR TECHNICAL TOY..? SUCH SECRETS ARE NOT FOR THE PROFANE OR UNINITIATED!

OH, YEAH— I'VE GOT THE LOT HERE, PAL— THE I-CHING, THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD, THE NECRONOMICON, CROWLEY'S LIBERS, THE RIG VEDA, THE BHAGAVAD GITA, THE SACRED GENETICA, THEY'RE ALL ON HARD DISC!

YOU HEAR THIS DEFILER OF ARCANE LORE? THE QABBALAH SHOULD NEVER BE REDUCED TO ELECTRICAL TRICKERY... WHAT SAY YOU, WARLOCK?
DON'T KNOW. NEVER HEARD OF THE QABBALAH.
SOUNDS LIKE A LOAD OF GOBBLERS TO ME.
I'VE GOT SOME OLD BOOKS I USE TO PROP UP MY ALTAR... STOP IT WOBBLING WHEN I SIT ON IT... IT MIGHT BE IN THERE SOMEWHERE...
YOU— YOU SIT ON THE HOLY OF HOLIES??
I TRIED IT... I USED TO MESS AROUND WITH THE TAROT ... BUT I FOUND THE FRESH ENTRAILS OF A HUMAN WORKED BETTER.
ONLY IF I'M TOO DRUNK TO STAND.
BUT I THINK DEADLOCK'S INTO ALL THAT STUFF.
YOU'RE ALL WRONG... THE ONLY TRUE MAGIC IS THE RAINBOW POWER OF THE CRYSTAL LIGHT.
WE MUST ALL DRESS IN BEAUTIFUL, CEREMONIAL RAIMENTS... LIGHT INCENSE... PUT THE PALMS OF OUR HANDS TOGETHER ... AND, IN THE QUIET OF VISUALISATION, IMAGINE GOING WITHIN THE CRYSTAL LIGHT OF THE MIND...
... AND SHARE OUR VISION OF LOVE TOGETHER.

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I MEAN PURE LOVE.
HOLD UP, GUYS— MY PC'S COMING UP WITH THE MURDERER NOW!
Enigmass Variations....
Identity of betrayer follows....
Program running
NO!!
GUURK!

SHAKTIC MAGIC... THE MOST POWERFUL FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE.
MAGUS! WE NEED YOUR AID!
I REGRET I CANNOT BE OF ASSISTANCE. ...TO ENACT A RITUAL OF POWER I HAVE TO DON THE VERMILLION ROBES OF MERCURY... I MUST BE CONSECRATED AND PURIFIED... JUPITER SHOULD BE ALIGNED WITH MARS... ALSO, I NEED MY BURIN, BELL AND THURIBLE.
ER—HAS ANYONE GOT A GUN?

DEADLOCK! NEMESIS! IT'S ME— TANTRIKA... THE ENIGMASS HAS POSSESSED ME...
...FINISH ME... QUICKLY!
AAAAGHH!
SEE... SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE, LOVERS.
WELL, THAT'S CLIVE AND TANTRIKA WHO CAN BE STRUCK OFF THE LIST OF SUSPECTS.
WHICH JUST LEAVES THE FOUR OF US...

NEXT: THE SECRET OF MAGIC

NEMESIS and DEADLOCK
THE ENIGMASS VARIATIONS PART 5
2000 AD Credit Card
Script PAT MILLS/ TONY SKINNER
Art CARL CRITCHLOW
Lettering STEVE POTTER
THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! I CAME HERE FOR A MEETING OF THE INNER INITIATES OF THE COSMOS AND IT'S TURNED INTO A CHARNEL HOUSE! I DON'T CARE MUCH FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY, NEMESIS...
...OR THE COMPANY YOU KEEP... A PRACTITIONER OF KHAOS MAGICK— WITH ITS ANARCHIC PRINCIPLES AND TOTAL LACK OF HONOUR—APPEARS TO ME, BY HIS VERY NATURE, TO BE THE OBVIOUS SUSPECT.
GOT TO AGREE WITH HIM THERE, DEADLOCK. IT WAS A BIT SUSPICIOUS THE WAY YOU TURNED UP INSTEAD OF THE ORIGINAL REPRESENTATIVE OF KHAOS.
TYPICAL! THINGS GO WRONG, AND EVERYONE BLAMES KHAOS!
WHY ASSUME IT'S ME— OR, INDEED, ANYONE HERE?
SUPPOSE IT'S SOMEONE ALREADY MURDERED?
WHAT BETTER WAY TO THROW SUSPICION OFF YOURSELF, THAN TO STAGE YOUR OWN "DEATH"?

PLEASE... WHOEVER IT IS... THEY'RE VERY SICK... THEIR SOUL MUST BE IN TERRIBLE PAIN...
...THEY NEED THE TOUCH OF PSYCHIC HEALING! LET'S INVOKE THE FRAGRANT MEMORY OF DEWY MORNINGS AND UNSHADOWED SUNLIGHT ... AND UNBLOCK THEIR SPIRIT CHANNELS WITH THE POWER OF RAINBOW ENERGY.
YOU'RE QUITE WELCOME TO TRY, RUSALKA... BUT I THINK IT'S A TRIFLE LATE FOR THAT...
...WHAT-EVER THIS GUY WANTS, I DON'T THINK IT'S RAINBOWS!
NO! IT'S BAPHOMET HIMSELF!

NEMESIS, SAVE ME FROM BAPHOMET AND THE FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!
THAT'S NOT BAPHOMET— THAT'S UNCLE BILL!
DON'T WANT TO FALL OUT WITH ONE OF MY RELATIVES, DO I?
IT MAY LOOK LIKE A MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY TO YOU— BUT TO US IT'S THE ENIGMASS.

AAAAH!
NEMESIS— HOW DID HE GET IN HERE? HE CAN'T EVEN FLY!
CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER... THE ENTITY IS FADING AGAIN...
...EVEN AS THE MAGICIAN DIES.
BEFORE... BEFORE... I RISE TO AN EVEN HIGHER PLANE OF AWARENESS, I MUST REVEAL TO YOU...
THE ULTIMATE SECRET OF MAGICK!

THE SECRET OF MAGIC? SOUNDS GOOD! TELL ME!
YES, HANG ON IN THERE...
IT...IT IS THE SECRET KNOWN TO ALL THE GREAT SEERS AND PROPHETS.
THE INNER MYSTERY, REVEALED TO JOHN DEE... ELIPHAS LEVI... GURDJIEFF... MADAME BLAVATSKY... STEINER ... AND OF COURSE, ALEISTER CROWLEY...
WE...WE DISCOVERED THE GREAT TRUTH...
THE MORE YOU STUDY MAGICK, THE LESS YOU KNOW... THE HARDER YOU TRY, THE LESS IT WORKS... THE GRANDER THE TITLES WE GAVE OURSELVES, THE MORE WORTHLESS WE BECAME.
THE... THE TRUTH IS...
I CAN'T DO MAGICK TO SAVE MY LIFE.
YOU CAN'T DO MAGIC?
THAT'S RIGHT...BUT HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I GOT TO TELL YOU...IT'S NOT "MAGIC"... IT'S "MAG-ICK"!
UUUHHH!

GREAT GODS! THIS MEANS IT'S ONE OF YOU WHO'S THE MURDERER...
...SOB!... YOU WERE THE ONLY TWO I TRUSTED.
IT'S ALRIGHT, RUSALKA...
...I'LL SAVE YOU FROM HIM.
OH, NICE ONE, NEMESIS. "IT'S ALRIGHT, RUSALKA... I'LL SAVE YOU."
YOU MAKE ME SICK... IT'S OBVIOUSLY BEEN YOU, FROM THE BEGINNING!
NEXT PROG: THE CHERNOBOG

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NEMESIS
THE
DEADLOCK
THE ENIGMASS VARIATIONS PART 6
OH, HOW AWFUL! YOU TWO ARE GOING TO FIGHT TO THE DEATH... I CAN'T BEAR TO WATCH!
2000 AD Credit Card
Script PAT MILLS/ TONY SKINNER
Art CARL CRITCHLOW
Lettering STEVE POTTER
WAIT A MINUTE... THIS IS STUPID! WE'VE ALREADY FOUGHT TO THE DEATH.* I KNOW IT CAN'T BE YOU...
*SEE PROG 700
...AND I'M PREPARED TO STAKE MY LIFE ON IT!

YOU'RE RIGHT... THIS *IS* STUPID...
AND IF IT ISN'T YOU... AND I KNOW *DAMN WELL* IT ISN'T ME...
...THEN THAT LEAVES JUST ONE OTHER POSSIBILITY
...AND LOOK WHO'S HERE! *FRIEND* OF YOURS, RUSALKA?
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A *CHERNOBOG*, OF COURSE...
"...IT'S *ME*—IT'S MY *DARK SIDE*."

I GAVE YOU EVERY POSSIBLE CHANCE...
"IF ONLY YOU'D HAVE LISTENED TO ME...
"...WE COULD HAVE LED THE GALAXY IN LOVE AND LIGHT AND LAUGHTER."
BUT YOU'VE LEFT ME NO CHOICE...
"...YOU MUST ANSWER TO MY DARK SIDE...
"...LIKE THOSE OTHER POOR MAGICIANS."

IT-IT DOESN'T DIE!
I'LL KEEP IT BUSY—GO FOR THE GIRL INSTEAD.
AAAAH! FIVE SHADES OF NAUSEA!

THAT WAS NAUGHTY... YOU CAN'T KILL ME...
...I'M THE SOURCE OF PURE LIGHT.
THE OTHER SORCERERS WERE BAD... BUT YOU TWO ARE WORST OF ALL – YOU'RE VERY NAUGHTY.
THE OTHERS FOLLOWED IMMORAL PATHS... BUT AT LEAST THEY WERE PART OF THE GREAT POLARITY...
WHILE YOU TWO ARE TOTALLY AMORAL.
THAT'S RIGHT – WE REALLY DON'T GIVE A DAMN.
YEAH. WE'RE FOLLOWERS OF THE GREATEST MAGIC THERE IS – SEX, DEATH AND SO WHAT?
AMORALITY SUCH AS YOURS, IS THE BIGGEST THREAT TO THE COSMIC BALANCE...
IT IS ALSO HORRIBLY CONTAGIOUS, AND MUST BE NIPPED IN THE BUD!

NEXT PROG: BEDTIME STORY

Nemesis
DEADLOCK
THE ENIGMASS VARIATIONS PART 7
2000 AD Credit Card
Script PAT MILLS / TONY SKINNER
Art CARL CRITCHLOW
Lettering STEVE POTTER
THEN THAT'S IT..! IF WE BOTH STRIKE...
WE CAN'T DESTROY EITHER OF THEM – BECAUSE THEY'RE THE SAME PERSON!
BUT SO ARE WE!

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...IN THE SAME PLACE...
...AT THE SAME MOMENT!

OH... I'M... I'M DYING...
'FRAID SO, CINDERELLA. ANY LAST REQUESTS?
YES, PLEASE... READ ME A BEDTIME STORY BEFORE I GO TO SLEEP.
I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE...
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN DE SADE'S "JUSTINE" AND THE NECROMICON.
AH, HERE WE ARE... "SIX O'CLOCK TALES FOR CHILDREN."
ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, NEMESIS? - THE DEATH BRINGER, THE LORD OF THE FLIES, HOLDER OF THE SWORD SINISTER READING THAT..?
...IF ONLY TORQUEMADA COULD SEE YOU NOW!
RUSALKA/ CHERNOBOG, ISN'T SOME MIXED UP DO-GOODER, PLAYING AT "NICE GUYS"... SHE'S THE REAL THING!
SHE IS TRULY PURE.

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AND JUST LIKE *PURE EVIL*, SHE IS *INNOCENT*.
THAT IS WHY SHE IS *WORTHY* OF OUR *RESPECT*.
"ONCE UPON A TIME... MRS BUMBLY RABBIT WENT TO MARKET TO BUY SOME *FINE CARROTS* FOR HER CHILDREN. AND ON THE WAY, WHO DO YOU THINK SHE MET...?"
ER... NEMESIS... YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME...
...SHE'S CROAKED!

WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER CONVENTION OVER...
DID YOU ENJOY IT?
H'MM... IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU BETTER, I'D SAY YOU STAGE MANAGED THE WHOLE THING!
WELL— IT WAS MUCH THE SAME AS LAST YEAR.
NOW DON'T START ALL THAT AGAIN.
ROVER
APB
WE'VE BEEN READY TO MOVE OUT SINCE 04:00 HOURS... WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?
OH, JUST SKEWERING ELVES AND TEDDY BEARS.

LOOK AFTER YOURSELF, DEAD-LOCK.
WHY NOT? IT'S WHAT I DO BEST...
...AND WATCH OUT FOR TORQUEMADA— PUT A COUPLE OF HOLES IN HIM FROM ME.
GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR QUEST — I THINK YOU'LL NEED IT...TURNING THAT LOT INTO CREATURES OF KHAOS.
DON'T WORRY—I'VE GOT A FEW SURPRISES IN STORE FOR THEM.
OH, YES—I FORGOT...
...THEY HAVEN'T MET HEKATE YET.
THE END

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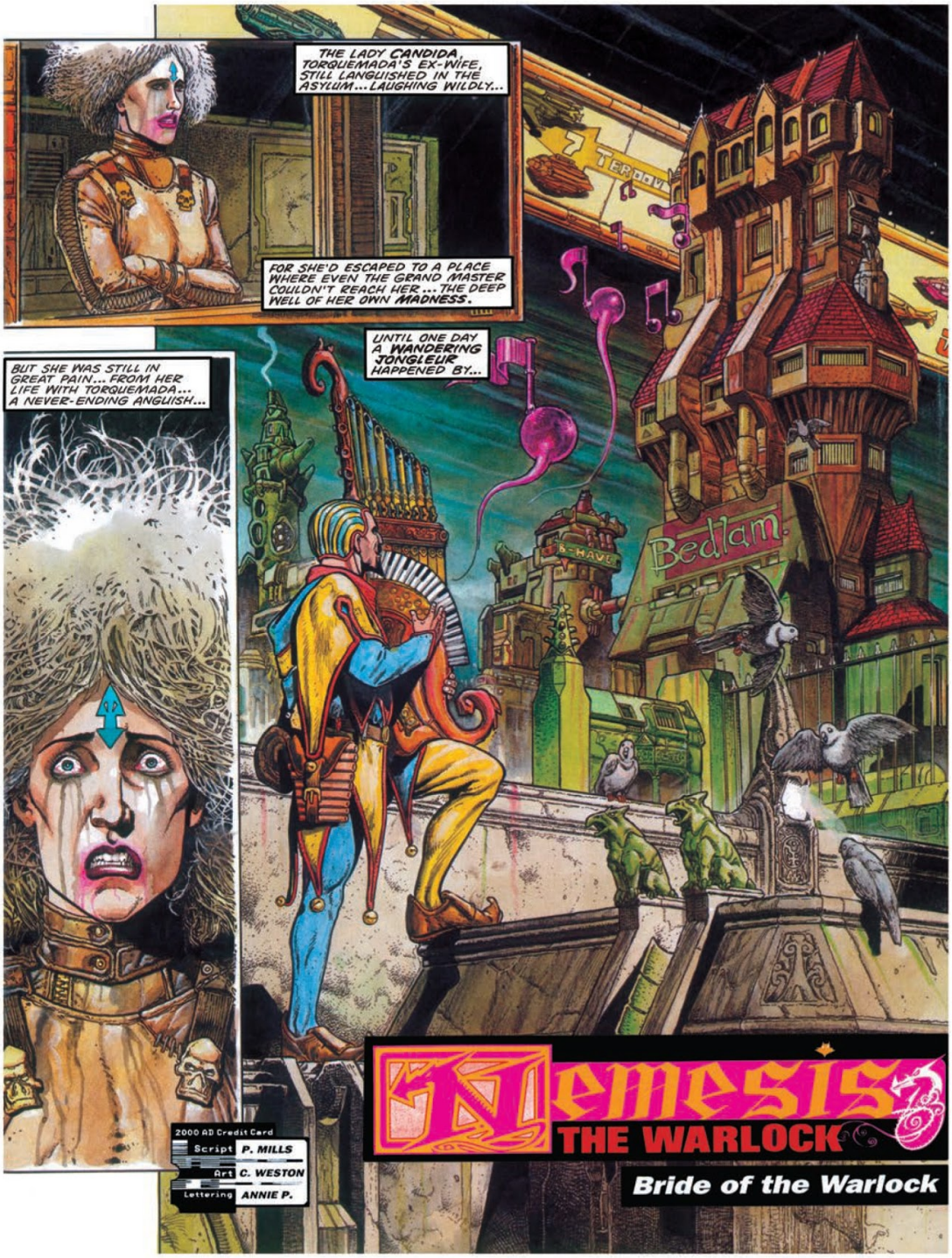
THE LADY CANDIDA, TORQUEMADA'S EX-WIFE, STILL LANGUISHED IN THE ASYLUM... LAUGHING WILDLY...
FOR SHE'D ESCAPED TO A PLACE WHERE EVEN THE GRAND MASTER COULDN'T REACH HER... THE DEEP WELL OF HER OWN MADNESS.
UNTIL ONE DAY A WANDERING JONGLEUR HAPPENED BY...
BUT SHE WAS STILL IN GREAT PAIN... FROM HER LIFE WITH TORQUEMADA... A NEVER-ENDING ANGUISH...
Bedlam
2000 AD Credit Card
Script P. MILLS
Art C. WESTON
Lettering ANNIE P.
Nemesis THE WARLOCK
Bride of the Warlock

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HALT! STATE YOUR BUSINESS, CITIZEN!
WHY — I AM A MERRY JONGLEUR, SIR. COME TO DANCE AND SING AND CALM THE BROW OF THE FEVERED MIND.
SO WHAT..? ON YOUR WAY BEFORE WE LOCK YOU UP.
LET ME PUT IT TO YOU ANOTHER WAY... ONE OF MY SONGS IS WORTH A THOUSAND C.C.s OF TRANQUILIZER ...OR A WEEK OF SHOCK THERAPY.
SOMETHING PERSUADED THE TERMINATORS TO LET THE JONGLEUR INTO CANDIDA'S CELL...
IT'S ALL RIGHT, CANDIDA... I'VE COME TO HEAL YOU...
AND HE PLAYED HER THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES...
THE SONG OF CREATION... THE ETERNAL VIBRATION... WITHOUT WHICH EVERYTHING WOULD STAND STILL AND DIE...

SHE'D BEEN STATIC IN BODY AND MIND FOR SO LONG... MOVEMENT WAS ESSENTIAL FOR CHANGE
SO HE TAUGHT HER TO DANCE... FASTER AND FASTER...
LAUGHING AGAIN... BUT WITH A DIFFERENT NOTE IN HER VOICE...
THE TRUE LIGHT LAUGHTER OF A WOMAN FREE.

AND THEY LAUGHED AND TALKED TOGETHER OF MANY THINGS...
AND MADE THEIR PLANS...
AND THEN HE WAS GONE...
TORQUEMADA (WHO HAD RETURNED TO TERMIGHT AFTER HIS ADVENTURES IN OTHER TIMES) WAS INFORMED OF THE UNBELIEVABLE CHANGE IN HER...
CANDIDA..? CAN IT BE TRUE...?
IT IS, MY LOVE...
OH TOMAS... I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR PUTTING ME IN THIS ASYLUM. I NEEDED ALL THOSE ELECTRIC SHOCKS TO BRING ME TO MY SENSES...
TO UNDERSTAND...
TO UNDERSTAND WHAT, MY LOVE?
THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE FOR ME.

FORGIVE ME, MY LORD, I WAS SO FOOLISH IN THE PAST. IT WAS ALL MY FAULT...
I SEE NOW MY ROLE IS TO OBEY YOU, TO BEAR YOUR CHILDREN, AND INDULGE YOUR EVERY WHIM.
CANDY... YOU TRULY ARE SANE AGAIN.
WE WILL REMARRY— AND RIDE TOGETHER IN THE GOLDEN GONDOLA THROUGH THE TUBES OF TERMIGHT.
BUT WHAT OF SISTER STURN..? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOU ARE STILL MARRIED TO HER..?
I AM..? WHY, YES, OF COURSE.
A DETAIL. ONE I SHALL SPEEDILY REMEDY...
SISTER STURN WAS SUMMONED BEFORE THE GRAND MASTER...
YOU SENT FOR ME, MY HUSBAND?
I AM..?
YES, MY DEAR. YOU ARE, UNFAITHFUL...!

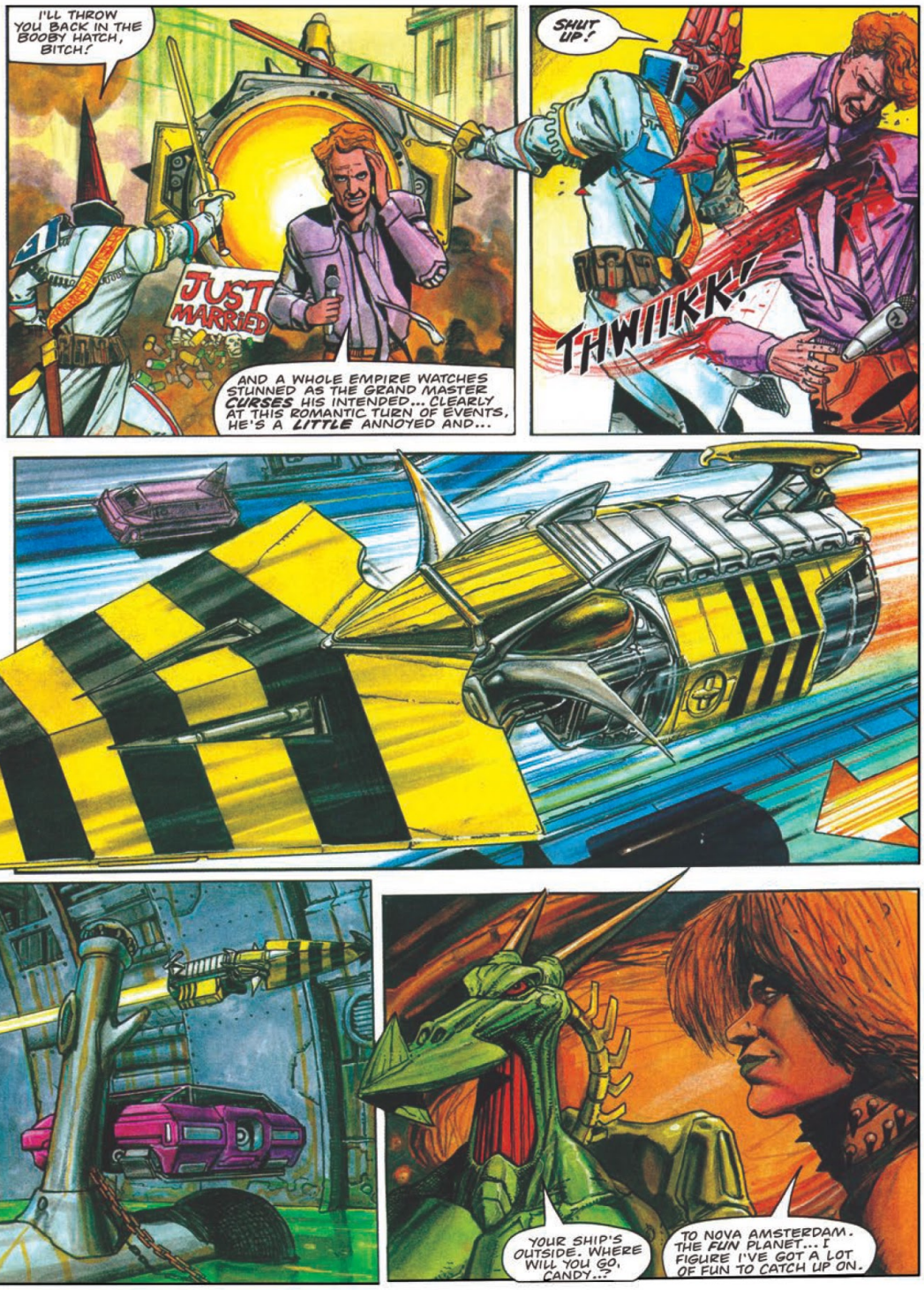
WITH HIM!
MY LORD..?
PURI
AH, YES— I UNDERSTAND...THE MICRO-BOMB IN MY FOREHEAD THAT WILL EXPLODE SHOULD I FIND PASSION WITH ANY BUT YOU.
SCAMP
AND I SEE CANDIDA IS WELL AGAIN. MY DUTY IS CLEAR TO ME...
COME, GUARD... FOR MY LORD TORQUEMADA AND TERMIGHT... KISS ME NOW!
WUUUH?
G-GRAND MASTER... D-DO I REALLY HAVE TO..?
GET ON WITH IT, MAN.
MY LADY, WILL YOU GRANT ME ONE BOON, ERE I DIE..?
DEPENDS WHAT IT IS.
SEEING AS THIS IS THE FIRST AND LAST TIME I'LL EVER KISS, I ASK YOU...
GIVE IT PLENTY OF TONGUE.
K-BAMMM!

A WEEK LATER, CANDIDA ARRIVED FOR THE STATE WEDDING...
AFTER ALL THE SCANDALS IN THE IMPERIAL FAMILY, TORQUEMADA HOPED HIS NUPTIALS WOULD REASSURE THE PUBLIC OF HIS WORTH...
TORQU CANDY
INSIDE THE TEMPLE, THEY APPROACHED THE ARCH-BIGOT AS THE MASSED CHOIR OF TERMINATORS SANG THE DEVIATUS... THE BATTLE HYMN OF TERMIGHT.
WATCH THEE FOR THE MARK OF THE DEVIANT. THE TENTACLE AND CLAW. THE SCALEY SKIN. THE BUG EYES. THE CLOVEN HOOF AND PAW...
BEWARE OF CREATURES LURKING IN SHADOW OR IN CAVE! HEED THE WORDS OF TORQUEMADA... BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!

DO YOU, CANDIDA, SWEAR NEVER TO HAVE TRUCK WITH AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL?
CLEAN
BIGOT
I SO SWEAR...
AND DO YOU, TOMAS, ALSO SWEAR NEVER—
DON'T BE STUPID.
YES—ER... BEFORE THESE WORTHIES ASSEMBLED HERE ... BEFORE ALL THE PEOPLES OF THE PLANETS OF THE EMPIRE OF TERMIGHT WATCHING NOW, DO YOU RE-TAKE THIS WOMAN AS YOUR LAWFUL WEDDED WIFE ..?
I MOST CERTAINLY DO.
TOMAS... MAY I NOW MAKE MY VOWS IN MY OWN WAY..? FOR I HAVE MUCH TO SAY...
OF COURSE, MY DARLING. SPEAK FREELY OF MY PRAISE BEFORE THE MASSES OF TERMIGHT.
RIGHT THEN!

I SWEAR NEVER, EVER, EVER, EVER TO GET INVOLVED WITH ANOTHER SICK, NASTY PIECE OF WORK LIKE YOU.
A CHEAT, A LIAR, A DISGUSTING, DECAYING DEGENERATE... A GENOCIDAL MURDERER... AN ARROGANT, SELF-RIGHTEOUS, POMPOUS BAG OF WIND...
A FUN-KILLING BAD-LOSER...
AND, BABY, HAVE YOU LOST!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, CANDIDA. IS SOMETHING AMISS..?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU..?
ER-NO...
WELL, I THINK YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THIS... I'M NOT MARRYING YOU. I'M GOING AWAY WITH...
NO! NOT HIM!

AND WE'RE WAITING HERE — WITH MOUNTING EXCITEMENT — FOR THE HAPPY COUPLE TO EMERGE FROM THE TEMPLE...
NTV
(THIS IS THE MOMENT THE CROWD HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR... THE CHANCE FOR A GLIMPSE OF HER FAMOUS SKIN-TIGHT, WHITE LEATH-U-LIKE WEDDING OUTFIT)...
AND I'VE JUST BEEN TOLD THEY'RE COMING OUT NOW...! YES! THE LADY CANDIDA
AND HER BRIDE-GROOM...
...NEMESIS!
A-AND COMING ROUND TO MEET THEM...
SMASH!
THE BLITZSPEAR!
CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY A DEMENTED TORQUEMADA...
YOU DASTARDS!


I'LL THROW YOU BACK IN THE BOOBY HATCH, BITCH!
JUST MARRIED
AND A WHOLE EMPIRE WATCHES STUNNED AS THE GRAND MASTER CURSES HIS INTENDED... CLEARLY AT THIS ROMANTIC TURN OF EVENTS, HE'S A LITTLE ANNOYED AND...
SHUT UP!
THWIKK!
YOUR SHIP'S OUTSIDE. WHERE WILL YOU GO, CANDY...?
TO NOVA AMSTERDAM. THE FUN PLANET... I FIGURE I'VE GOT A LOT OF FUN TO CATCH UP ON.

I DON'T DO MISERY ANYMORE.
IN THAT CASE, YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THIS... THINK OF IT AS MY WEDDING PRESENT TO YOU...
THANK YOU, NEMESIS.
050
MEANWHILE, IN TERMIGHT'S DARKEST DUNGEON...
SO TELL ME AGAIN, ASYLUM ATTENDANT, ABOUT THIS... JONGLEUR...
IT WASN'T MY FAULT, GRAND MASTER...HE JUST TURNED UP WITH HIS MIGHTY ORGAN AND PLAYED SUCH SWEET MUSIC... AAAGGHH!
AND HOW OFTEN DID... JONGLING... TAKE PLACE?
EVERY DAY, MY LORD, HE... NOOOOOO!

WHY DIDN'T YOU HEED MY HOLY WORDS..? BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!
MAYBE YOU SHOULD STICK TO 'PURE' AND 'BEHAVE': BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT VERY GOOD AT VIGILANCE... I JUST STROLLED IN HERE.
YOU! THE ARCH DEVIANT!
WHERE IS THE LADY CANDIDA..? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HER..?
ZIPPPP!
AND NOW YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING, TORQUEMADA!
I'VE NO IDEA WHERE SHE IS... I ONLY HEALED HER — SO I COULD TAKE HER FROM YOU.
KLASSH!

I SHALL CLEANSE YOU WITH ZIPPO — MY BURNING SWORD OF THE SPIRIT!
WOOFF!
PURIFY YOU WITH ITS LIVING FLAME!
PURIFY..? YOU NEED MORE THAN THAT BARBECUE STICK TO PURIFY ME!
SSSSSSS!
AAAAAH!

THEN LET'S SEE...
...HOW YOU LIKE YOUR SPINE BEING RIPPED AND TWISTED...
AAGGGHHH!
HAAA, HAAA, HAAAA!
UNNH...! ABOUT... AS MUCH AS YOU'LL LIKE...
...MY HORNS IN YOUR INTESTINES!
AAARGGH!

YOU'D BE AT MY MERCY NOW...
IF I HAD ANY.
YOU THINK... UUGH! YOU THINK I'M AFRAID OF YOU, DEVIANT..?
I'M NOT GOING TO BEG... GO ON, DO IT! DO IT!
BUT THE FINAL BATTLE BETWEEN US IS COMING...
WHAT..? PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY SO SOON..? NO...
TORTURE ZONE
WHITE COATS TO BE WORN AT ALL TIMES.
...WHEN I SHALL DESTROY YOU FOREVER.
PERHAPS, WARLOCK... BUT I SHALL DESTROY YOU, TOO... I SWEAR IT!
THE END

2000 AD Prog 1165: Pinup by **Henry Flint**

PAT MILLS

Pat Mills is the creator and first editor of *2000 AD*. For the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he is the writer and co-creator of *ABC Warriors*, *Finn*, *Flesh*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Sláine*, *M.A.C.H 1*, *Harlem Heroes* and *Savage*. He also developed *Judge Dredd* and wrote one of the early Dredd serials — 'The Cursed Earth'. He wrote *Third World War* for *Crisis!*, a politically-charged spin-off from *2000 AD*, and *Black Siddha* for the *Judge Dredd Megazine*.

Outside *2000 AD* he is the writer and co-creator of the long-running classic anti-war story *Charley's War*, as well as *Marshal Law*. He has also written for the *Batman*, *Star Wars* and *Zombie World* series for the US market. Currently Mills is writing the best-selling series *Requiem — Vampire Knight* for Editions Nickel of France with artist Olivier Ledroit, and a spin-off series, *Claudia — Vampire Knight*, with artist Frank Tacito. Two further French series are in production.

CARL CRITCHLOW

Carl Critchlow is another *2000 AD* artist whose popularity is rising, thanks primarily to his work on the co-created semi-comic sci-fi strip *Lobster Random*. He made his debut some years previously, however, working on *Nemesis and Deadlock*, then moving on to *Batman/Judge Dredd, Flesh, Flesh 3000 AD, Future Shocks, Judge Dredd, Mean Machine* and *Tales of Telguuth*. Outside of *2000 AD*, Critchlow is well known for his work on *Thrud The Barbarian*.

HENRY FLINT

Henry Flint is one of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic's rising superstars. Co-creator of *Sancho Panzer* and *Shakara*, his incredibly versatile pencils have also graced *A.B.C. Warriors, Judge Dredd/Aliens, Bill Savage, Deadlock, Judge Dredd, Rogue Trooper, Missionary Man, Nemesis the Warlock, Nikolai Dante, Sinister Dexter, Tharg the Mighty, The V.C.'s, Vector 13* and *Venus Bluegenes*. He has even written a *Tharg's Alien Invasions* strip!
He has also begun to establish himself in American comics, working on anthology titles *AIDS Awareness, Ammo Armageddon* and *Monster Massacre*.

JOHN HICKLENTON

John Hicklenton has illustrated a wide range of strips across both *2000 AD* and the *Megazine*, including *Heavy Metal Dredd, Judge Dredd, Mean Machine, Nemesis the Warlock, Pandora, Rogue Trooper, Strange Cases* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*. His work can also be seen in *Crisis!* and *Deadline*. Most recently he has provided the art for *Blood of Satanus III* in *Judge Dredd Megazine*.

CLINT LANGLEY

Clint Langley began his *2000 AD* career with the fully-painted artwork of his co-created series *Dinosty*, and has also illustrated, *Judge Dredd, Nemesis the Warlock, Outlaw, Sinister Dexter* and *Tales of Telguuth*. However, it is the striking mixture of fully-painted art and digital manipulation on Sláine which are making him a firm favourite with fans! As well as working for *2000 AD* Clint has produced covers for Games Workshop and Marvel publications, produced art for *World of Warcraft* and *Magic The Gathering* and is the winner of the 2007 Inquest Gamer Fan Awards for Best Artist.

KEVIN O'NEILL

Kevin O'Neill is a *2000 AD* legend. From working as an art assistant on the very first prog, he quickly became involved in the creative side of the comic, co-creating classics like *A.B.C. Warriors, Bonjo From Beyond The Stars, Metalzoic* and *Nemesis the Warlock*. O'Neill has also written for the comic on strips including *Dash Decent, Future Shocks, One-Offs, Tharg the Mighty*, and has illustrated *Future Shocks, Judge Dredd, M.A.C.H. 0, One-Offs, Ro-Busters, Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales, Tharg the Mighty* and *Torquemada*. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, O'Neill was briefly notorious as the only artist ever to have his work rejected wholesale by the Comics Code Authority! Happily, his notoriety quickly became fame and acclaim, as his work on strips like *Marshal Law* and most recently *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* have raised him to a very high profile. O'Neill's other work includes *Green Lantern* and *Batman*.

DAVID ROACH

David Roach stormed on to the *2000 AD* scene with Book 8 of *Nemesis the Warlock*, before going on to illustrate *Judge Anderson, Judge Dredd, Killer, Past Imperfect, Synammon* as well as providing the inks for *Killer* and *Rogue Trooper*. Outside of *2000 AD* he has worked on various titles including *Batman, Star Wars, Star Trek* and *Aliens*. He has also provided hundreds of illustrations for Wizards of The Coast's classic RPG *Dungeons & Dragons*.

PAUL STAPLES

Paul Staples worked on various *2000 AD* strips including *Finn, Nemesis The Warlock* and *Sláine*.

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